Poems Selected from Heinrich Heine.

POEMS

SELECTED FROM

HEINRICH HEINE.

BY

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LONDON:
Walter Scott, 24, Warwick Lane, E.C.
AND NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

1887.

PREFACE.

At the end of my task nothing remains but to acknowledge, gratefully and sincerely, the valuable help freely and kindly granted, as well as the warm and friendly interest accorded to my work, which alone has rendered my undertaking possible. My sincerest thanks are due to all translators, English and American, or their representatives, who have granted me their kind permission to make use of the translations which grace this volume. I also beg to tender my acknowledgments to Messrs. George Bell & Sons for kind permission to use two of Mr. E. A. Bowring's translations from his "Heine" in Bohn's Standard Library; as well as to Messrs. Reeves & Turner, for their courteous authorisation to insert the translations of "Heine" from the late Mr. James Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night;" while the translations by Mr. Francis Hueffer are reprinted by permission from Messrs. Novello's "Albums of German Song."

Although I have made every effort to find Mr. John Stores Smith (writing under the pseudonym of "John Ackerlos"), or his representatives, I have failed to do so;

I have, therefore, under the circumstances, and feeling sure that permission would not have been refused, ventured to insert three of his translations.

The version of "Bimini," in the Posthumous Poems, appeared originally in an article by Lord Lytton in *The Fortnightly Review*, and illustrating as it did the essay, does not contain the whole of the original poem. Enough, however, has been reproduced to give an idea of the whole. In the case of such a famous poem as the "Loreley" I have ventured to give *two* versions, as also in the celebrated poem "Das Meer hat seine Perlen." Of this I have given as duplicate the only translation of Heine extant by the late Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

I may once more be allowed to remind the reader that I have not, for reasons stated in the Memoir, by any means given a complete list of Heine's prose writings, it having principally been my object in this volume to touch on his poetry.

Finally I may say, that I have spared no pains to come across good translations of Heine, a task in which I have met with the kindest and readiest response from many and unexpected sides. The selection has been, needless to say, a work of great and peculiar difficulty, but I trust that only good and characteristic versions have been chosen in every instance.

With the exception of three short poems, my own translations in this volume, including the entire "North Sea," are here submitted to the public for the first time.

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MEMOIR.

MEMOIR.

THE life of Heine, reflecting as it alternately does, the poet, the humourist, the politician, and the journalist, necessarily presents its subject in varied and often complicated aspects. In a brief memoir like the present, I propose to dwell chiefly on the poetical side of Heine's genius, as represented in this volume; touching upon his other characteristics, highly interesting and important as they are, only in so far as will be necessary for the understanding of his life and writings.

Heine may be said to be the last of the celebrated German Romantic School, the funeral pyre of which he himself in his youth still helped to build up, only to set it ablaze later on with the scorching flame of his own remorseless wit. And, behold, from its ashes arose a strange phœnix, the anti-romantic and modern spirit which justly entitles Heine to be called one of the deliverers of thought, the champion of progress, and the sworn foe of all stagnation. With the lightning of his irony he cleared the murky atmosphere; with his humour he reflected the dreary times as they were; and when men waxed indignant at the sight, the magician softly spake a word, and lo, anger was turned into laughter! This

power, combined with a beauty and grace all his own, whether in prose or in verse, rendered him a formidable opponent; alas! that it cannot be said that he always kept his blade untarnished in the fight; but men to whom it is given to wield such dangerous and potent weapons must verily possess an innate nobility of character to resist all temptation. Heine cannot, unfortunately, always be acquitted of such grave charges, but such as he was he was the product of his time, and he must be measured and estimated accordingly.

Born at Düsseldorf on the 23rd of December, 1799, of Jewish parents, and strictly brought up in the Jewish religion, Heine's young days fell in the stormy and exciting times of the first Napoleon's sway over Europe. It was the period of Germany's deepest political depression; but, much as the subjugated country had to suffer at the hands of the conqueror, it cannot be denied that his rule offered some compensation, at least, to a land torn and betrayed by its innumerable small potentates. The Code Napoléon, to the Jewish race in particular, was a total emancipation from the Ghetto of the Middle Ages to the rights of free-born citizens; and the Jews justly hailed the Emperor on that account as their deliverer and protector. Heine's boyhood, therefore, was influenced not a little by the praise he heard bestowed on the great man, his own father being an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon; and we may well believe that the impressionable and dreamy boy delighted in the pomp and circumstance of war, as exemplified by the French occupation of his small native town. In a charming passage of his "Book Le Grand," Heine relates how he saw the Emperor riding at the head of his troops through Düsseldorf; and that the impression was a deep and genuine one, we see from several passages in his

writings, notably in the celebrated poem, "The Grenadiers."

In his early youth Heine was instructed by his mother, a woman of warm feelings as well as of sound common sense, and she it was who implanted into his breast a deep sense of all that was great and noble in Germany. Later on he was sent to a French Lycée at Düsseldorf, and at the age of sixteen he went to a Frankfurt banker, to prepare himself for a commercial career. This, and another similar attempt later on at Hamburg, proving unsatisfactory, it was finally decided that Heine should give up all idea of business as a livelihood; but from this time dates that lively abhorrence of Hamburg, and of its prosaic mercantile life, which finds expression in so many of his writings and poems. In addition to the gloom which an uncongenial occupation cast over his soul at this time, he was likewise afflicted with a severe disappointment in love. It was not known for many years that the passionately mourned one of his "Book of Songs" was his cousin, a daughter of his rich uncle, Salomon Heine; the poet only confessing the secret ten years later to his friend Varnhagen von Ense. This episode, and the important influence it had on Heine's poetical development, will be referred to presently.

Being now put in a position to study by the generosity of his uncle, Heine went to the University of Bonn, where he entered the Faculty of Law. This was a condition imposed by Salomon Heine, who wished him to obtain a doctor's degree, and settle in Hamburg as a lawyer. Heine went to Bonn in the autumn of 1819, and principally devoted himself there to history and literature under such celebrated professors as Arndt and A. W. von Schlegel. The latter, then one of the acknowledged heads of the Romantic School, exercised a

strong influence upon Heine at the time. But already, in the summer of the following year, Heine exchanged Bonn for Göttingen, where he assiduously pursued the same studies as before, to the utter neglect of law, which he cordially detested then and always. Keeping aloof as much as possible from his fellow-students, he still managed to provoke a duel, which, coming to the ears of the authorities, resulted in a *consilium abeundi* (rustication).

Nothing loth to exchange the dull and pedantic sterility of the quondam famous old University for the intellectual life of Berlin, Heine went thither, where he was immediately received in the circle of Varnhagen von Ense and his wife Rahel. These were among the first to recognise the poetic genius of their young friend, cheering and strengthening him with their true friendship throughout their life. Many years afterwards, writing to Varnhagen on Rahel's death, Heine speaks with genuine affection and gratitude of the noble and gifted woman, and what she had been to him in those early years of strife and doubt.

Early in 1822, Heine published his two tragedies, "Almansor" and "Ratcliff," to which was added his "Lyrical Intermezzo." Although the latter was very warmly received by the literary circle in which Heine was known, it was not a universal or a popular success; while the two tragedies, much to the poet's disappointment, created little or no sensation whatever. It may be remarked in this place that as dramas they are utter failures, and that the literary worth of the two tragedies combined does not equal in value one of the gems of the exquisite "Lyrical Intermezzo." In this instance Time has proved the public estimate of the day to have been the correct one.

Suffering, as he already did now and continued to do to the end of his life, from acute and torturing headaches, Heine now repaired to Lüneburg, where his parents had meanwhile settled, and in the quiet and repose of family life he meditated on his future career. He plainly saw that in order to gain a position such as his uncle desired, he would have to embrace Christianity, as any legal post or office under Government was not at that time open to a Jew. In his tragedy "Almansor" he had meanwhile shown that he had pondered on religious questions, and also it was equally apparent that his philosophical researches did not tend towards Christianity; while the friendship of such noble-minded Jews as Gans, Moser, and many others who proudly followed in the footsteps of Moses Mendelssohn, had filled him with bitterness of spirit against a State that made civic and political rights dependent on a formal confession. Already at this period he began to entertain the idea of going to live at Paris, and of acting as mediator between French and German literature. For the present he went back to Hamburg, to arrange matters with his uncle, whom he unfortunately met on the point of leaving the town, so that all questions and confessions had to be laid aside. He was, however, generously supplied with funds for a stay at the seaside, a cure which his disordered nerves required annually. To the above disappointment now came another cause of depression and mental excitement. Heine had always dreaded a return to the town where he had loved and suffered so much, and although two years had elapsed since he had lost *Die Geliebte* by marriage, and although he had combated the painful memories with all the weapons of his wit, scorn, and satire, his fears were only too well founded. The wounds, scarcely healed over, opened again, and his love burst out anew, hopeless, despairing,

tantalising. And all this wild passion, truly felt and truly suffered, he poured out into the cycle of songs known as "Die Heimkehr." A six weeks' stay at Cuxhaven tended to soothe his nerves, and gradually he grew calmer, fresh inspirations filling his brain. Here too he wrote some of the most beautiful poems in "The Return Home:" "Wir sassen am einsamen Fischerhaus;" "Du schönes Fischermädchen;" "Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus;" with the ever-changing ocean, the sunset and moonrise as background, and with his unhappy love as endless theme.

Returning in the autumn of the year to Hamburg, the unfortunate differences arose between himself and his uncle, which lasted more or less as long as Salomon Heine lived. Dependent as the poet was on the generosity of his uncle, it was a question of existence with him; and we must therefore glance briefly at the relations between uncle and nephew, which throughout life exercised no little influence on the outward aspects of Heine's career.

Justly or unjustly, Heine seems to have thought himself entitled to a certain income from his millionaire uncle; while Salomon Heine, a self-made, capricious, but warm-hearted man, and capable of the noblest generosity, did not think it incumbent on him to grant his nephew's wish. Hence the conflict in Heine's sensitive nature to receive as fortuituous dole, what he considered to be his right. Tale-bearers were not wanting at any time to prejudice the old man against his nephew, who on his part scorned to take any notice of these attacks, which he designated as calumnies, but in which the proverbial grain of truth does not seem to have been wanting. This state of things could not fail to have a certain demoralising effect on Heine, which would have been yet greater had it not

been for the genuine and warm love which the two men bore each other, in spite of continual bickerings. But the manly pride which would have taken up his life and moulded it harmoniously in the face of all unfavourable external conditions, this pride it must be confessed that Heine lacked.

At length Heine determined to take his legal studies up again, and for that purpose he returned to Göttingen, where he spent the winter. In the autumn of 1824 he undertook his journey on foot through the Hartz mountains, which he has embodied so finely in his "Reisebilder," and the poems from which are redolent of mountain and forest. In the summer of 1825 he at last passed the necessary examination, having previously been baptized into the Christian religion, when he exchanged the name of Harry (received at his birth in honour of an English friend of his father's) for that of Heinrich. Heine himself attached no particular importance to the act as such, and was aware that it would alienate him from the sympathies and cause of his Jewish friends, several of whom, however, preceded and followed his example, as the only means of obtaining any official appointment. His uncle, too, was satisfied, and although still declining to grant his nephew a fixed income, he provided him handsomely with means for recruiting his health, which he did at Norderney, where he wrote during the summer the first part of his magnificent "North Sea."

In May, 1826, Heine published the volume of his "Reisebilder," containing the "Return Home," the first part of the "North Sea," and the "Hartz Journey," together with some other poems. The effect of the book was an instantaneous one, and placed Heine in the foremost rank of German poets. These poems will be referred to later on in the "Book of Songs," and I

therefore pass them over now. In the course of the same summer Heine wrote the second volume of the "Reisebilder," which however, did not appear till April, 1827. This book contained a description of the island of Norderney, the second part of the "North Sea," the "Book Le Grand," and some letters from Berlin. On its appearance it was instantly prohibited throughout Germany, on account of its daring apotheosis of Napoleon, its praise of the French Revolution, in the "Book Le Grand," and its bitter attacks especially on the Hanoverian aristocracy.

A short visit to London in this year, had for its object Heine's avowed intention of studying parliamentary reform, and indeed he often went to the House of Commons to hear Canning, whom he greatly admired. Otherwise his English stay did not satisfy him, and he presently gave vent to his feelings in the well-known and uncomplimentary "Englishe Fragmente," which appeared in the fourth volume of the "Reisebilder." Many years later he confessed that the principal cause of his discontent had lain within himself.

On his return to Hamburg in November, he published under the now famous title, "Buch der Lieder," all the poems which had appeared at various periods, and which were now collected for the first time. The "Book of Songs" being undoubtedly the chief and finest lyrical production of Heine's muse, and creating as it did a new era in German literature, it will be necessary to accord to it more than a passing mention.

The Classic Period, culminating in Schiller and Goethe, had come to an end with the death of the latter, while the Romantic School, with its brilliant array of names, was nearing its end, hastened by its own extravagance. Poets like Kleist, Arndt, Schenkendorf, and the cosmo-

politan Rückert (true, the latter only in his "Geharnischte Sonette,") headed the list of patriotic Romanticists, in contrast to the Romantic poets *pur sang*, who, turning away from the present, found their only salvation in the Middle Ages. Uhland, the Bard of Ballad and Romance par excellence, whose popularity vied with that of Schiller himself; Chamisso, that wonderful Frenchman, who made Germany his home, and sang himself into the heart of the German people, a genuine German poet; Eichendorff, whose exquisitely tender poems were full of the charm of his school, but entirely free from its morbid taint; Wilhelm Müller, who in his beautiful and heartfelt songs struck the true keynote of the "Volkslied," —all these were but loosely connected with the Romantic School.

But all these singers had passed or were passing away, and in their places reigned an era of mediocrity, sentimentalism, and worse. In politics there was the same dreary reaction, all free aspirations and utterance being suppressed and punished. In this period of stagnant depression appeared Heine's "Buch der Lieder," bursting upon the public as an entirely new revelation. And, indeed, it was a new and original Poet who had arisen, and who was destined to put his mark on the literature of his country. His daring wit, his polished irony, his brilliant humour, and above all the inimitable beauty and grace of his poems, conspired to make him the most popular poet of the day; while the "Weltschmerz," to which he had artistically subdued his own sorrows, appealed more or less to everyone smarting under the petty tyranny of the times. The "Book of Songs," from the weirdly mysterious "Dream Pictures" down to the grand and beautiful "North Sea," proves Heine to be one of the greatest lyrical poets of his own or of any age. Even the

subjectiveness of the book, which may almost be called sublime, shows in the very narrowness of its circle, the absolutely unlimited power and resources of the poet; while the utter simplicity of the form led many critics of the day to suppose that these poems had been produced with careless ease, until it presently became apparent that they owed their limpid transparency and marvellous harmony of sound only to the very highest art. It is now well known that Heine bestowed an incredible amount of patient labour to perfect his apparently simplest verses. The characteristics of Heine's songs are a tender pathos and beauty, alternating with the "shrill ironic laughter"* so peculiar to his humour, and with which he often seems intent to ruthlessly destroy all the preceding loveliness. In the midst of his most beautiful creations start up those mocking utterances, which seem to gibe at us with tittering grimaces, and to play the whole gamut of whimsical levity and fantastic caprice. But, on the whole, beauty predominates in this his greatest lyrical production; and particularly, the "Lyrical Intermezzo," and the "Return Home," represent Heine in his most characteristic vein. Here are to be found gems which even Heine himself never surpassed, and which are an undying glory to German literature.

At the invitation of the eminent publisher Baron von Cotta, Heine now went to Munich in order to contribute to the "Morgenblatt" and to assist in editing the "Neue politische Annalen." Heine, however, only bound himself for half a year, and then, finding that the work was not congenial to him, he threw it up—all the more as he was also disappointed at not receiving a professorship from the King of Bavaria. He accordingly left Munich,

* See Sonnet, page 46.

to visit Italy. Here his stay was but of a few months' duration, being suddenly recalled by the illness and subsequent death of his father.

The summer of 1829 was spent partly in Berlin and partly in rural retirement at Potsdam, where he worked hard at the third volume of the "Reisebilder," which he finished in the autumn, and which appeared early in January of the following year. Whereas the second volume of the "Reisebilder" had been received with general acclamation, and its daring and acrimonious attacks on the aristocracy and clergy, its scathing diatribes against stupidity and hypocrisy, had assigned to its author the proud position of champion of progress: the third volume, on the other hand, created a most unfavourable sensation, its coarseness, and above all the gross and unjustifiable attack on the German poet, Count von Platen, arousing universal indignation. Platen, who had taken offence at some epigrams of Immermann included by Heine in his "Reisebilder," revenged himself on both in his "Romantische Oedipus" in a manner peculiarly offensive to Heine. Bitterly provoked as the latter was, yet it did not excuse the malignant revenge which he took, and which must ever remain a blot on his fair fame. Towards the end of his life he regretted ever having published the polemic against Platen.

Meanwhile the July Revolution had broken out in Paris, and was enthusiastically hailed by Heine, who saw in it the regeneration of all that was politically and socially wrong in his own fatherland. His ardent hopes on this score were, however, doomed to disappointment, and at length Heine took the step he had long contemplated, and settled at Paris, a voluntary exile, in May, 1831.

The work done by Heine during the next ten years or so, highly interesting and valuable as it is, consisted

chiefly of essays and letters, contributed by him to the *Morgenblatt* and the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, all of which he afterwards published under the respective titles of "Französische Zustände" and "Der Salon." Most of these articles also appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and secured their author all the respect and attention due not only to the German poet, but to the writer of French prose as excellent as it was elegant. Heine's muse, in the strife and heat of these years, was not very productive; his spirit, too, was much embittered by the violent attacks on himself at home, led principally by Wolfgang Menzel; who not only vituperated Heine, but the whole of the progressive school known as "Das junge Deutschland," of which the poet was the spiritual if not the nominal head. These persistent attacks presently resulted in a decree of the "Bundestag," prohibiting not only all Heine had written, but all he should write in the future! Absurd as such a measure may seem to us to-day, it was a very real and actual grievance then; and already Heine had been obliged to issue a public protest against the mutilation of his writings as exercised by the then almighty censor. By this last decree he was forbidden to speak at all, and it need scarcely be remarked, that as a natural result his writings were read with the greatest avidity.

Heine now enjoyed to the full the bright social life of the French capital, where he was welcomed to the first literary circles; at the same time, he kept rather aloof from the German republicans who, like himself, were exiles in Paris. In particular, he refused to have anything to do with the secret societies so much in vogue at that time. This was a cause of bitter reproach to the poet, and indignant accounts were written to Germany of Heine's lukewarm interest in the cause of freedom. In-

terested warmly for a while in St. Simonism, he gradually, but inevitably, cooled towards that also, it being in his nature to abhor dogma and set programmes of any kind whatever. As he had rejected the dogmas of the Jewish religion, so he repudiated the dogma of Christianity, while, by and by, the dogma of Philosophy was not safe from the shafts of his irony; and, finally, in his last years, he protested against the dogma of Atheism. This "sick-bed conversion," as it has so often been called, I believe to have been only the inmost nature of the man asserting itself.

Meanwhile, Heine's apparent indifference to the republican cause was a source of sorrowful indignation to his noble-hearted friend Ludwig Börne, a republican of the sternest type, who, like Heine, was living in Paris, a voluntary exile. From being intimate friends, having at heart the same ideals, their relations gradually became strained, and at length untenable, culminating finally in Börne's celebrated attack on Heine, contained in his "Briefe aus Paris." The breach was kept open by all the sorry and contemptible gossip which is the curse of exile, and from which only the noblest can with difficulty keep aloof. Heine took no notice of the attack until three years after Börne's death, when he published his "Börne, eine Denkschrift," in which he gives vent to all the resentful feelings he had been harbouring for years, even condescending to base defamation of the private character of his dead friend, and of the lady to whom Börne's letters had been addressed. This deplorable piece of revengeful malice aroused popular indignation to the highest degree, and involved him, a year later, in a duel with the husband of the lady whose fair fame he had so wantonly assailed. It is characteristic of Heine that he offered afterwards a spontaneous apology to her

whom he had so cruelly wronged, directing, at the same time, that all the passages should be suppressed in which the libels occurred.

One important result of this duel was that, before entering into it, he terminated his intimate relations with Mathilde Crescence Mirat by marriage, in order to be able to provide for her in the event of his death. This union, both before and after marriage, had, according to his own, as well as to the testimony of his friends, a most happy influence on the hitherto volatile poet; his passionate, and at the same time tender love for her, gradually evolving a touching unselfishness from a nature not originally much endowed with that quality. And here it may be fitting to say a few words of her who was for twenty-four years, in joy and sorrow, the faithful companion of the man whom she loved for himself alone. For Mathilde Heine had no idea what her husband was as a poet or man of letters! Poor, and of extreme beauty, she attracted Heine's notice in 1832, when he fell passionately in love with her. Heine has repeatedly said that his union with his Mathilde rendered him inexpressibly happy; and this love and tenderness grew from year to year. Her naiveté, her good-humour, even her childish helplessness in affairs of every-day life, were so many sources of delight to the witty man, who was positively proud of the fact that his wife was unable to understand what he was to the world. And as, in his filial relations to his mother, Heine ever was a good and unselfish son (witness one of his most beautiful and touching poems, "Night Thoughts," *), so in relation to his wife, his "child," his "lamb," his "Nonotte," he was always a considerate and passionately attached husband. Ma-

* Page 227

thilde, on the other hand, if she could not be his intellectual companion, and although she was extravagant, and utterly ignorant of economy and management of their small *menage*, at least made him thoroughly happy, and proved a faithful and affectionate wife, tending him in his terrible illness with unswerving care and solicitude. There is a true and manly ring about the few poems Heine has addressed to his wife, which is sometimes wanting in some of his other productions.

Since Heine lived in Paris, his uncle Salomon had allowed him annually 4,000 francs, his own literary income amounting to about 3,000 francs. This was not a large income for a man who lived expensively, and who, in common with his wife, had not an idea of thrift. In addition to this, the poet was freely applied to by his poor and needy countrymen living in Paris, and he as freely gave and lent hundreds of francs in generous alleviation of their distress. At this time, too, he lost a considerable amount of money which he had deposited with a friend. In these financial difficulties, Heine, who was moreover deeply in debt and had applied to his uncle in vain, took a step which, when it became accidentally known in 1848, put a formidable weapon in the hands of his numerous enemies, and which even his friends found difficult to explain and justify. In other words, Heine had recourse to the secret fund which the French Government dispensed to refugees of all nationalities living in France, and drew from it an annual income. It is very probable that Heine never bethought him what an ugly look this act would assume in the eyes of the world if it ever should become known ; and it is certain that he never undertook any obligation in consideration of this pension, nor was any required of him. But the fact remains undeniable, and drew a considerable amount of odium on the poet's

head when it came to light. In the year 1837, he concluded a contract with his publisher Julius Campe, in accordance with which he received the sum of 20,000 francs for the copyright of his works for the space of eleven years. This sum sufficed to clear him from debt, and his writings being well paid for from other sides, the outlook was a more hopeful one.

These years of fighting, and of attacks at home and abroad, could not but have their effect on the poet, whose muse had indeed been singularly silent. But in 1843, there now appeared that strange "Midsummer night's dream," as Heine has called it, "Atta Troll," in which he ridicules with humorous and good-natured banter the political tendencies of the day, together with the bathos of its political poetry; and in between, the old romantic glamour fitfully flashes forth for the last time. It is this fantastic blending of the Real with the Unreal, that lends "Atta Troll" its charm; although, owing to its many political and personal allusions, it is not only difficult for a foreigner to understand, but may soon even have to be edited with notes for a future German generation.

In October, 1843, we find Heine on his way to Hamburg, in order to see once more his old mother, who was now seventy-two years of age, but destined to survive her son. In the following year Heine repeated his visit home, this time taking his wife with him. But Mathilde, ignorant of the German language and in all probability finding her sojourn in Hamburg tedious, went back to Paris after a very few weeks, leaving her husband to finish his business matters at leisure. It was at this period he wrote to her to those impassioned letters which show how deeply he was attached to the bright and happy *Naturkind*.

This was Heine's last visit to Germany. Its direct and literary result was the satirical poem, "Deutschland: ein Wintermärchen," of which the brilliant satire, the great beauty and unheard-of audacity, surpassed all even Heine had ever written. This remarkable poem defies all translation, and no attempt, therefore, has been made to include any portion of it, or of the equally untranslatable "Atta Troll," in this volume.

The merciless attacks of the poet on the shamefully shackled condition of Germany reinstated Heine again in the good opinion of his countrymen, for the "Wintermärchen was read with all the more eagerness as it was strenuously forbidden. Truly, many of the things said were bitterly unpalatable; but we must not forget that these stinging verses helped to clear away the abuses which so exasperated the poet, and we are to-day in a freer position to make allowance for an irony that is unequalled in its way. If Heine occasionally went too far, it must, on the other hand, be confessed that his shafts unerringly touched some weak or sore place, and thus first roused a lethargic generation to a knowledge of its sickness. And this, apart from his genius as a poet, is pre-eminently the mission of Heine in his own age, the importance of which must not be forgotten or underrated.

Together with the "Wintermärchen" appeared the "Neue Gedichte," which had been ready for some time, but were only published now. Without striking out any new vein, Heine gives us in these "New Poems," and especially in the "Neue Frühling" and "Romanzen," many a lovely poem and many a fine ballad; but also much that is coarse and unworthy of his genius, while the depressing influence of his polemics may be easily traced in the bitter spirit of most of the "Zeit Gedichte." The "Neue Gedichte" appeared in the autumn of 1844.

In December, Heine received the news of the death of his uncle, Salomon Heine, in Hamburg, together with the intimation that, no will having been made in his favour, his cousin Carl Heine refused to pay the legacy to the poet his father had verbally and solemnly promised to him. This piece of injustice so excited Heine, that in January, 1845, it brought on a sort of creeping paralysis, which, if it did not initiate the later dread disease of the poet, undoubtedly accelerated it. Heine felt this injustice all the more keenly because his cousin had been an intimate personal friend, whom he had once nursed through an attack of cholera at the risk of his own life. But ill as he was, (his left eye remained permanently closed from this time, and the lid of his right eye could only be raised by pushing it up,) he was determined to make a fight for his rights, all the more as he felt how precarious his life was, and that his wife would be left unprovided for on his death. He wrote to old and influential friends in Germany to take up his cause, he being prevented by circumstances from doing so himself. Meanwhile the fatal disease slowly and insidiously crept on, and Heine felt he was a doomed man—the knowledge that his protracted agony would last eight years being happily spared to him. But at this period he was still without pain, although he complains as early as 1846 that all he ate tasted of earth. In the summer he tried the Pyrennees Baths of Barège, by advice of his physicians; even then his condition appearing so hopeless, that few of his friends expected to see him return alive, and in Germany an erroneous rumour of his death was circulated. Weaker than when he went, Heine returned to Paris, and, expecting a speedy death, he wrote his will with his own hand and with infinite trouble.

A few days later Carl Heine wrote regretting the sad

physical condition of his cousin, and informing him that he had given orders that he should receive the pension regularly during his lifetime, and in the event of his death that half should be paid to his widow. This tardy recognition on the part of Carl Heine of his late father's promise to the poet, was confirmed by a personal visit in 1847, and it is but fair to add that Carl Heine kept his promise faithfully, even raising the sum to 5,000 francs. The difference was thus made up, and Heine wrote an addition to his will to that effect; but the memory rankled bitterly in his spirit as long as he lived.

It was high time that Heine possessed the assurance of this allowance, his ever increasing illness making it impossible for him to write much, and at the same time causing great expenses. Fain would I pass over the poet's subsequent sufferings, and the awful martyrdom of pain he had to undergo, but necessary allusion must be made to them in order to understand, not only much of what was written during the terrible last years of his life, but also the conditions under which it was written. For, wonderful to say, as Heine physically became a mere hopeless wreck, his mind remained clear and unclouded, and capable to the last of the highest poetical effort.

In May, 1848, Heine dragged himself, half blind and half lame, through the streets of Paris to the Louvre for the last time, and in October he went to his new lodgings in the Rue d'Amsterdam, where he remained for six years, and which he has grimly called his "Mattrazengruft," or "Grave of Mattrasses," because, unable to endure the pressure of a bed, he was propped up on the floor with pillows and mattrasses. His rooms were on the second floor, looking out on the yard at the back of the house. He thus escaped from the intolerable noise and racket of the streets, but alas! no leafy bough waved

before his window, no song of birds visited him, and high walls shut out his view. To add to his misery, a constant piano-practice, which he particularly abominated, was carried on for years in close proximity, a grievance to which the poet alludes to more than once in true Heine style.

In the winter of 1848-49 his torture had attained the utmost limits of human endurance, and he was obliged to deaden pain with daily doses of opium. In the beginning of 1849 the celebrated physician Dr. Gruby undertook the hopeless case, and succeeded in at least partially restoring Heine's eyesight, as well as enabling him to sit up and make use of his arms. Gradually he regained the faculty of again enjoying his food, a sensation to which he had long been a stranger. By and by he was able to dictate to his secretary, to have books read to him, and to receive visitors. All French celebrities, from Georges Sand and Beranger to Alexander Dumas and Theophile Gautier, visited him, and few Germans passing through Paris omitted to pay this mark of respect to the sick poet. But as the illness dragged on its dreary length of years, Heine became more and more lonely, and at last few but very intimate friends of the family called to see him. It was then that the sick-room was cheered by the ever bright and happy presence of his wife. This faithful woman possessed the enviable faculty of believing that her Henri's symptoms were of a merely transitory nature, and consequently, her cheerful spirits, undepressed by any gloomy forebodings, were of the greatest value. Heine himself was perfectly clear about the hopeless nature of his disease, and often spoke, and alluded to it in his irrepressible and ironic vein.

In October, 1851, appeared his "Romanzero," containing the very essence—his best and his worst qualities—of

the poet. Throughout the volume runs a pessimistic strain, which occasionally bursts out into the wildest cynicism. For this reason the Romancero has yielded least for this volume, many of the poems being as untranslatable as the "Wintermärchen" itself. I have included all the beautiful poems of which I was able to obtain good translations, and only regret that such a gem as "Firdusi" had to be reluctantly omitted. This, and many another fine poem in the "Romancero," still awaits its adequate translator.

Endeavouring, as I have done, to illustrate Heine's life by a characteristic selection as far as possible from his poems, it has been necessary to include some from the "Last" and "Posthumous Poems;" if only to show how the poet's spirit indomitably rose above all pain. There are poems here that stand out in their touching beauty, all the brighter and purer from their dark background of suffering and anguish. "Bimini," that exquisite fairy island of our dreams, rises sparkling from the waves, and beckons us to its shores, where are neither sickness nor old age. Anon, appalling cries of despair from the depths of the tortured spirit shock and move us; and then again rises before us the lovely and wildly weird vision "Für die Mouche," written shortly before his death, and dedicated to the young lady, nicknamed by him the "Mouche," whose bright presence often cheered and soothed the last winter of the dying poet. It is indeed a strange and solemn sight, this triumph of mind over matter,—more wonderful still the artistic perfection which is impressed upon even the wildest and most cynical effusion.

In 1854 it had become necessary to remove to another abode, and after the lapse of many years, Heine again saw the world, and trees, and sunshine! The winter

was spent in much pain, but during the summer he rallied somewhat. And now, at length, the end drew near. In the beginning of the year 1856, a violent indisposition, caused by the enormous doses of opium the patient was obliged to take, brought the life which so long had been only artificially held together, to a sudden and unexpected close. On the night of the 16th of February, it became clear to all that death was at hand, and Heine asking the doctor whether it was so, received a reply in the affirmative. Heine calmly received the news, and passed away quietly in the grey morning of the 17th of February, 1856.

He lies buried in the cemetery of Montmartre, his grave bearing a head-piece only, with the simple inscription "Henri Heine."

The noble dirge, which by the kind permission of Mr. Matthew Arnold I am enabled to place at the end of this volume, expresses more eloquently than any words of mine, the virtues and faults of the poet whose best song will live as long as German literature itself shall exist.

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

BUCH DER LIEDER.

BOOK OF SONGS.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

It is the fairy forest old,
With lime-tree blossoms scented!
The moonshine had with its mystic light
My soul and sense enchanted.

On, on I roamed, and, as I went,
Sweet music o'er me rose there:
It is the nightingale—she sings
Of love and lovers' woes there.

She sings of love and lovers' woes,
Hearts blest, and hearts forsaken;
So sad is her mirth, so glad her sob,
Dreams long forgot awaken.

Still on I roamed, and, as I went,
I saw before me louring
On a great wide lawn a stately pile,
With gables peaked and towering.

Closed were its windows, everywhere
A hush, a gloom past telling;
It seemed as though silent Death within
These empty halls were dwelling.

A Sphinx lay there before the door,
Half brutish and half human,

A lioness in trunk and claws,
In head and breasts a woman.

A lovely woman! The pale cheek
Spoke of desires that wasted;
The hush'd lips curved into a smile
That woo'd them to be tasted.

The nightingale so sweetly sang,
I yielded to their wooing;
And as I kissed that winning face,
I seal'd my own undoing.

The marble image thrilled with life,
The stone began to quiver:
She drank my kisses' burning flame
With fierce convulsive shiver.

She almost drank my breath away;
And, to her passion bending,
She clasped me close, with her lion claws
My hapless body rending.

Delicious torture, rapturous pang!
The pain, the bliss, unbounded!
Her lips, their kiss was heaven to me,—
Her claws, oh, how they wounded!

The nightingale sang: O beauteous Sphinx!
O love, love! say, why this is,
That with the anguish of death itself
Thou minglest all thy blisses?

"O beauteous Sphinx, oh answer me,
That riddle strange unloosing!
For many many thousand years
Have I been on it musing!"

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

YOUNG SORROWS.

1817—1821.

DREAM PICTURES.

Mir träumte einst von wildem Liebesglühn.

I HAD a dream long since of Love's wild glow—
Locks, mignonette and myrtle—all it teaches
Of sweet red kisses and of bitter speeches;
Sad airs of sadder songs—long, long ago!

My soaring dreams long since their wings have folded,
And passed away, so too that visioned form;
All that remains is what in passion's storm
Once in rapt love in my soft rhymes I moulded.

Thou, orphaned song, art here! go seek the wraith
Of that sweet dream so long from me retreating,
And when thou findst it, give my truest greeting:
I send to the airy shade an airy breath.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Ein Traum, gar seltsam schauerlich.

A DREAM of fearful mystery
Delighted and distracted me.
Strange forms of terror haunt me still,
And heart and bosom wildly thrill.

I saw a garden wondrous fair,
And I was fain to wander there;
Uncounted flow'rets glisten'd bright,
And filled my senses with delight.

The birds from many a leafy spray
Sang many a loving roundelay;
The sun with golden splendour glow'd,—
A thousand tints the flow'rets show'd.

Balsamic odours everywhere
Came floating on the summer air;
And all was smiling, all was bright,
As eager to rejoice my sight.

And, 'mid the flower-bespangled glade,
Limpid a marble fountain played;
And there I spied a maiden bright,—
She stoop'd, and washed a robe of white.

Her eyes were mild, her cheeks were fair,
Like pictured saint with golden hair;
And as I gaze, methinks I trace
A strange and yet familiar face.

Her task, meanwhile, the maiden plies,
And chants a song in wondrous wise:
"Flow, flow, water flow,
Wash the linen white as snow."

With lingering step her side I seek,
And in a low-toned whisper speak :
"O gentle maid ! so wondrous fair !
Say, who the robe of white shall wear ? "

"Be ready soon," she spoke aloud ;
"I wash for thee thy dying shroud ! '
And scarcely had the words been said,—
Like wreaths of mist the vision fled.

The trance continued, and I stood
Deep in a wild and gloomy wood ;
Huge trees their arms above me cross'd,—
I stood beneath, in musings lost.

When hark ! a sullen echo woke,
Like far-off woodman's heavy stroke ;
Through brake and thicket swift I pace,
And gain, at length, an open space.

There, in the middle of the wood,
A mighty oak-tree towering stood ;
And there the wondrous maid I see,—
She hews the knotted old oak-tree.

Stroke follows stroke, as, swift and strong,
She swings her axe, and sings her song :
"Blade, blade, broad and bright,
Hew the oaken plank aright."

With lingering step her side I seek,
And in a low-toned whisper speak :
"For whom, O maid ! so wondrous fair !
Dost thou the oaken plank prepare ? "

"Thy time is short," swift answered she;
"A coffin this—and meant for thee!"
And scarcely had the words been said,
Like wreaths of mist the vision fled.

A dreary waste, without a bound,
A barren heath lay all around;
In passive wonder there I stood,
And secret terror froze my blood.

Aroused, at length, I wander on
Where something faintly glimmering shone;
And hastening up, I see once more
The lovely maid I saw before.

Upon the barren heath the maid
Was digging with a sexton's spade;
I scarce dared gaze at what I saw,
She looked so fair, yet full of awe.

Her task the lovely maiden plies,
And chants a song in wondrous wise:
"Spade, spade, sharp and strong,
Dig the grave deep and long."

With lingering step her side I seek,
And in a low-toned whisper speak:
"Tell me, tell me, maiden dear!
What the grave betokens here?"

"Be still, be still," she answered me,
"The grave I dig is dug for thee!"
And even as she thus replied,
The yawning chasm opens wide.

I gaze adown the fearful steep,
Cold shudderings o'er my heartstrings creep;
And, while the dark abysses quake,
I plunge in headlong—and awake.

J. E. WALLIS.

Im nächt'gen Traum hab' ich mich selbst geschaut.

I FELL asleep and dreamed at eventide:
I saw myself, as for some festive day,
Decked in silk vest, white shirt and best array;
And then I saw my love stand by my side:
I bowed and said: "My dear, are you a bride?
Then I congratulate you, if I may!"
But the cold speech half choked my breath away,
And in my throat the words had almost died.
Then bitter tears began to flow apace
From my love's eyes, and in a mist of tears
Was well-nigh hid from me her gentle face.
—Oh tender eyes! though you have lied to me,
Both waking and in dreams these many years,
Yet I believe you all too readily.

ALMA STRETTELL,
Selections from Heine.

Im Traum sah ich ein Männchen klein und putzig.

I SAW in dream a dapper mannikin
That walked on stilts, each stride an ell or more;
White linen and a dainty dress he wore,
But it was coarse and smirched and stained within.

All inwardly was mean and poor and thin,
Yet with a stately seeming lackered o'er ;
His words were full of bluster, and he bore
Himself like one well used to fight and win.
"And know'st thou who he is ? Come, look and guess !"
So spake the God of Dreams, and showed me then
Within a glass a billowy multitude.
The mannikin before an altar stood,
My love beside him : both of them said, Yes !
And countless fiends laughed loud and cried
"Amen !"

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

Was treibt und tobt mein tolles Blut ?

WHAT headlong madness stirs my blood ?
What drives my heart with fiery goad ?
My blood boils up, ferments, and foams,
And o'er my heart grim anger comes.

My blood boils up, and mad I seem,
For I have had an evil dream ;
There came the gloomy Son of Night,
Who bore me, gasping, in his flight.

He took me to a lighted house,
'Mid sound of harp and gay carouse ;
'Mid tapers' gleam and torches' glare
I reached the hall, and entered there.

It was a merry marriage feast,
Gay at the table sat each guest ;
But when the bridal pair I spied,
Oh, woe ! my darling was the bride !

It was my love, but in my room
A stranger stood, and he the groom!
Behind the bride's own stately chair
Silent I stood, still waiting there.

Sweet music sounded,—still I stood,
Gay sounds awoke my mournful mood;
In every glance the bride seemed blest,
The bridegroom oft her fingers prest.

The bridegroom filled his beaker high,
And drained it deep, then courteously
Gave to the bride; she smiled to thank:—
Oh, woe! my crimson blood she drank!

A dainty apple then she took,
And gave it him with loving look;
Across the fruit his knife he drew,—
It was my heart he cut in two.

They glance so sweet, they glance so long,
He dares embrace, nor deems it wrong;
Her red lips feel his kisses free,—
But, oh! cold Death is kissing me.

My tongue lay in my mouth like lead,
No single word could I have said;
The music rolled, the dance began,
The dainty bride-pair led the van.

While I stood corpse-like on the ground,
The dancers swept so wild around;
The groom speaks whispering to the bride:—
She blushes,—but she does not chide!

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Im süssen Traum, bei stiller Nacht.

In happy sleep, in stilly night,
There came to me, by magic might,
By magic might and gramarye,
The maid I loved so longingly.

I gaze on her with wild delight,
I see her smiling soft and bright,
She smiles, and oh! my heart beats high,
And fast and fierce leaps forth the cry:

"Take all, take everything that's mine,
All, all I have be freely thine,
Let me but clasp thee as my bride,
From midnight until morning tide."

Then gazes on me steadily,
So fondly, sadly, meaningly,
The lovely maid, and says but this:
"Give me thy everlasting bliss."

"My life is sweet, my blood runs high,
I'll yield them both without a sigh,
All, all, dear maid, I'll give for thee,—
But not my Immortality."

Full soon the hasty words are said,
But lovelier blooms the lovely maid,
And ever, ever says but this:
"Give me thy everlasting bliss."

Her words upon my hearing knell,
And o'er my heart, with billowy swell,
Roll flames of fire: 'twixt Life and Death,
Storm-toss'd, I lie, and gasp for breath.

And lo ! a host of angels white
Come hovering round in rosy light ;
But close behind, with greedy swoop,
A dark and furious hellish troop.

And now the battle rages high,
Till, ah ! the vanquished angels fly ;
And soon thereon the hellish crew
In wreaths of mist are lost to view.

But I, half mad with joy's excess,
Enfold her in a fond caress,
And fondly clinging to my breast,
Her burning tears fall unrepress'd.

She weeps ; my heart the reason knows ;
Her rosy lips my kisses close.
" Oh ! check, my love, these idle tears ;
Oh ! yield thee to thy lover's prayers."

" Oh ! yield thee to my loving flame "—
Then froze the blood through all my frame ;
The solid earth's foundations rock,
It rends in twain with thunder shock.

And from the black abyss arose
A hideous host of hellish foes ;
And lo ! the lovely maid is flown,
And I am left forlorn, alone.

And thronging round with laugh and shout,
In circles dance the fiendish rout,
And crowding nigh they seize on me,
And laugh with yells of mockery.

And ever closer grows the ring,
And still in horrid strain they sing:
"Heaven is lost, and hope is o'er,
Ours thou art for evermore."

J. E. WALLIS.

Ich lag und schlief, und schlief recht mild.

I LAY and slept—a blessèd sleep—
It lulled my grief and care;
When lo! a vision to me came,
A maid divinely fair.

As marble was the maiden pale,
And wondrous to behold;
Her eyes were bright with pearly tears,
Her locks were waving gold.

And lowly, lowly, gliding on,
The maid as marble pale,
She lies upon my heaving heart,
The maid as marble pale.

How thrills and throbs, with joy and pain,
My heart in furious glow!
Nor thrills nor throbs the maiden's breast—
'Tis cold as driven snow.

"My bosom neither thrills nor throbs,
'Tis ice-cold to the sense;
Yet well I know the joys of love,
And love's omnipotence.

"No rosy tinge is on my cheek,
And in my heart no blood;
Yet struggle not with shuddering fear;
To thee I'm kind and good."

And wilder still she clings to me,
My senses 'gin to fail;
Loud crows the cock—then melts in air
The maid as marble pale.

J. E. WALLIS.

SONGS.

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage.

RISING when the dawn still faint is,
Asking, "Will she come?"
Late at eventide my plaint is,
"Ah! she did not come!"

In the night-time with my sorrow
Waking still I lie,
And the day-dream of the morrow
Passes sadly by.

FRANCIS HUEFFER.

Es treibt mich hin, es treibt mich her.

Now here, now there I'm urged—at last!
But a few hours to wait, and, oh, then I shall meet her,
The fairest of maidens,—and soon I shall greet her:
O faithful heart, why this beating so fast?

Oh, but the hours are a lazy pack!
Strolling at their ease, and idle;
Rolling and yawning, how they sidle
To each other!—run, you pack!

Raging impatience is driving me fast;
Surely the hours were never love-plighted,
Since in a cruel, sly compact united
They spitefully mock at all true lovers' haste.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Lieb Liebchen, leg's Händchen auf's Herze mein.

THY little hand lay on my bosom, dear:
What knocking is that in the closet?—hear!
There dwelleth a carpenter evil, and he
Is hard at work for a coffin for me.

He hammers and knocks by night and by day:
'Tis long since he drove all sleep away.
Ah, haste thee, carpenter, busy keep
That I the sooner go to sleep.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden.

Oh, fair cradle of my sorrow,
Oh, fair tomb of peace for me,
Oh, fair town, my last good-morrow,
Last farewell I say to thee!

Fare thee well, thou threshold holy,
Where my lady's footsteps stir,
And that spot, still worshipped lowly,
Where mine eyes first looked on her!

Had I but beheld thee never,
Thee, my bosom's beauteous queen,
Wretched now, and wretched ever,
Oh, I should not thus have been!

Touch thy heart?—I would not dare that;
Ne'er did I thy love implore;
Might I only breathe the air that
Thou didst breathe, I ask'd no more.

Yet I could not brook thy spurning,
Nor thy cruel words of scorn;
Madness in my brain is burning,
And my heart is sick and torn.

So I go, downcast and dreary,
With my pilgrim staff to stray,
Till I lay my head aweary,
In some cool grave far away.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

Warte, warte, wilder Schiffsmann.

TARRY, thou impatient sailor,
I will follow thee anon;
Virgins twain I leave behind me,—
Europe and a dearer one.

Flow, ye tears of blood, flow freely,
Gush, my blood, from every vein;
Let me write in blood the story
Of my unrelenting pain.

Nay, my love, why shrink and shudder
Just to-day to see my blood?
Think how many a year before thee
With a bleeding heart I've stood!

Know'st thou still the ancient story
Of the snake in Paradise,
Who, with gift of luring apples,
Led our father into vice.

Oh! what woe these apples bring us,
Eve brought death to all mankind;
Eris, flames to Priam's city;
Thou, both death and flames combined.

J. E. WALLIS.

Berg' und Burgen schau'n herunter.

ROCK and castle gaze beneath them
At the clear and crystal Rhine,
And my bark sails gladly onwards,
And the sunlit waters shine.

Calm I watch the golden billows
Curling in their restless play,
Thoughts arise, which long neglected,
Buried in my bosom lay.

Kindly greeting and alluring
Shines the river soft and bright;
But I know its outward splendour
Inwardly is death and night.

Stream, thou art my sweetheart's image!
Outward joy and inward guile;
She can also nod so friendly,
And so kind and gently smile.

J. E. WALLIS.

Mit Rosen, Cypressen, und Flittergold.

WITH roses, with cypress, and gold-leaf bright,
Fain would I cover, lovely and light,
This book of mine, like a coffin thin,
And bury my songs like a corpse therein.

And, oh, could I bury this love in repose!
The flower of quiet on love's grave grows;
There it blooms, and is plucked when full and high,
But mine will ne'er blossom till buried I lie.

For here are the songs which so wildly rose,
Wildly as Etna his lava throws;
Up they burst from my soul's abyss,
Mad was their flame with its sparkle and hiss.

Now they lie dumb as the dead in their shrouds,
Now they stare coldly and white as the clouds ;
Yet the glow from their ashes to life would leap,
If the spirit of love should over them sweep.

And feelings prophetic within me say
That love's spirit will melt o'er them yet some say,
If this book should ever come to thy hand,
Thou dearest love in a distant land.

And then from the spell of song set free,
The death-white letters shall look at thee ;
Look in thy beautiful eyes with prayer,
And sorrow and love will be whispering there.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

ROMANCES.

THE MOURNER.

ALL are sorely grieved at heart,
Who in deep-set lines can trace
Grief's dark furrows, sorrow's smart,
Marked upon the pale boy's face.

Pity-laden zephyrs play
Gently on his faded cheek ;
Coyest maidens, as they may,
Fain would words of comfort speak.

From the town's wild-stirring bustle
To the wood he flies away,
Where the green leaves softly rustle,
And the birds are singing gay.

To the forest drawing nigh
Should the youth so mournful come,
Leaf and tree in silence lie,
And the birds' gay song is dumb.

A. ROGERS.

THE MOUNTAIN VOICE.

ALL sadly through the wild ravine
A warrior slowly drave:
"Ah! now am I nearer my darling's arms,
Or nearer the silent grave?"
The mountain answer gave:
"The silent grave!"

And further the warrior rideth,
And a sigh breaks from his breast:
"And must I then enter the grave so soon?
Ah well, in the grave is rest!"
And again—from the mountain's crest:
"In the grave is rest!"

The warrior's brow is troubled,
A tear on the bronzed cheek fell:
"Is there no rest then in the world for me?
Then the rest of the grave will be well."
The voice from the mountain fell:
"The grave will be well!"

ERNEST RADFORD.

TWO BROTHERS.

HIGH up on the mountain's summit
Stands the tower in night's dark shroud :
In the vale as lightning flashing
Swords' bright blades are clashing loud.

They are brothers who are waging
Gruesome duel, hand to hand :
Say, why are those brothers raging,
Baring each his deadly brand ?

Countess Laura's bright eyes' glances
Light the spark of brothers' strife,
Passion fierce love's prize enhances,
Noble maid to win as wife.

Where to love's soft air appealing
Beats her heart in due accord ?
Nought the secret else revealing,
Thou must solve the riddle, sword !

Blow on blow the silence rending,
Fierce and wild the brothers fight ;
Blades in ceaseless conflict blending,
Blind delusion works the night.

Woe, oh woe, each blood-stained brother !
Woe, oh woe, thou bloody vale !
Either fighting slays the other,
Slain each by the other's steel.

Centuries of time glide onwards—
Generations take their flight,—
Ruined tower still gazes downwards
On that vale from dizzy height.

Yet again in that still valley
Scenes of horror fill the night:
Ever at the hour of midnight
Still those raging brothers fight!

A. ROGERS.

POOR PETER.

I.

GRETE and Hans come dancing by,
They shout for very glee;
Poor Peter stands all silently,
And white as chalk is he.

Grete and Hans were wed this morn,
And shine in bright array;
But ah, poor Peter stands forlorn,
Dressed for a working-day.

He mutters, as with wistful eyes
He gazes at them still:
"'Twere easy—were I not too wise—
To do myself some ill. . . ."

II.

"An aching sorrow fills my breast,
My heart is like to break;
It leaves me neither peace nor rest,
And all for Grete's sake.

"It drives me to her side, as though
She still could comfort me;
But in her eyes there s something now
That makes me turn and flee.

I climb the highest hill-top where
I am at least alone:
And standing in the stillness there
I weep and make my moan."

III.

Poor Peter wanders slowly by;
So pale is he, so dull and shy,
The very neighbours in the street
Turn round to gaze, when him they meet.

The maids speak low: "He looks, I ween,
As though the grave his bed had been."
Ah no, good maids, ye should have said:
"The grave will soon become his bed."

He lost his sweetheart—so may be
The grave is best for such as he;
There he may sleep the years away,
And rest until the Judgment Day.

ALMA STRETTELL,
Selections from Heine.

THE TWO GRENADIERS.

To France were travelling two grenadiers,
From prison in Russia returning,
And when they came to the German frontiers,
They hung down their heads in mourning.

There came the heart-breaking news to their ears
That France was by fortune forsaken;
Scattered and slain were her brave grenadiers,
And Napoleon, Napoleon was taken.

Then wept together those two grenadiers
O'er their country's departed glory;
"Woe's me," cried one, in the midst of his tears,
"My old wound,—how it burns at the story!"

The other said: "The end has come,
What avails any longer living?
Yet have I a wife and child at home,
For an absent father grieving."

"Who cares for wife? Who cares for child?
Dearer thoughts in my bosom awaken;
Go beg, wife and child, when with hunger wild,
For Napoleon, Napoleon is taken!

Oh, grant me, brother, my only prayer,
When death my eyes is closing:
Take me to France, and bury me there;
In France be my ashes reposing.

"This cross of the Legion of Honour bright,
Let it lie near my heart, upon me;
Give me my musket in my hand,
And gird my sabre on me.

"So will I lie, and arise no more,
My watch like a sentinel keeping,
Till I hear the cannon's thundering roar,
And the squadrons above me sweeping.

"Then the Emperor comes! and his banners wave,
With their eagles o'er him bending;
And I will come forth, all in arms, from my grave,
Napoleon, Napoleon attending!"

W. H. FURNESS.

THE MESSAGE.

UP, boy! arise, and saddle quick,
And mount your swiftest steed,
And to King Duncan's castle ride
O'er bush and brake with speed.

There slip into the stable soft,
Till one shall see you hide,
Then ask him: Which of Duncan's girls
Is she that is a bride?

And if he say, The dark-haired one,
Then give your mare the spur;
But if he say, The fair-haired one,
You need not hurry her.

You only need, if that's the case,
Buy me a hempen cord,
Ride slowly back and give it me,
But never speak a word.

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

TAKING HOME THE BRIDE.

"I go not alone, my dainty love;
Away with me thou'lt wander
To the dear known, gray old, dreary retreat,
To the sad, lone, stone-cold, wearisome seat,
Where my mother is lurking crouched up by the door,
And waits till her son returns once more."

"Leave me alone, thou gloomy man:
Who has called thee hither?
Thy breath is a glow, thine eyes beam bright,
Thy hand is snow, and thy cheek is white,
But I will merrily pass the time
'Mid rose perfume in a sunny clime."

"Let roses breathe perfume, let sunbeams shine on,
My sweetest darling!
Vail thee in broad-spread, white wavering attire,
Sweep every thread of the quavering lyre,
And sing out our wedding song for me;
The nightwind shall whistle the melody!"

CHARLES G. LELAND.

DON RAMIRO.

"DONNA CLARA! Donna Clara!
Hotly loved through years of passion!
Thou hast wrought me mine undoing,
And hast wrought it without mercy.

"Donna Clara! Donna Clara!
Still the gift of life is pleasant!
But beneath the earth 'tis frightful,
In the grave so cold and darksome.

"Donna Clara! laugh, be merry,
For to-morrow shall Fernando
Greet thee at the nuptial altar,—
Wilt thou bid me to thy wedding?"

"Don Ramiro! Don Ramiro!
Very bitter sounds thy language."
"Bitterer than the stars' decrees are,
Which bemock my heart's desire?"

"Don Ramiro! Don Ramiro!
Cast aside thy gloomy temper;
In the world are many maidens,
But us twain the Lord hath parted?"

"Don Ramiro, thou who bravely
Many and many a man hast conquered,
Conquer now thyself,—to-morrow
Come and greet me at my wedding."

"Donna Clara! Donna Clara!
Yes, I swear it, I am coming!
I will dance with thee a measure;—
Now good-night, I come to-morrow."

"So good-night!"—The casement rattled,
Sighing 'neath it stood Ramiro.
Long he stood a stony statue,
Then amidst the darkness vanished.

After long and weary struggling,
Night must yield unto the daylight,
Like a many-coloured garden
Lies the city of Toledo.

Palaces and stately fabrics
Shimmer in the morning sunshine;
And the lofty domes of churches
Glitter as with gold encrusted.

Humming like a swarm of insects,
Ring the bells their festal carol,
With sweet tones the sacred anthem
From each house of God ascendeth.

But behold, behold! beyond there,
Yonder from the market chapel,
With a billowing and a swaying,
Streams the motley crowd of people.

Gallant knights and noble ladies,
In their holiday apparel,
While the pealing bells ring clearly,
And the deep-voiced organ murmurs.

But a reverential passage
In the people's midst is opened,
For the richly-clad young couple,
Donna Clara, Don Fernando.

To the bridegroom's palace threshold,
Wind the waving throngs of people;
There the wedding feast beginneth,
Pompous in the olden fashion.

Knightly games and open table,
Interspersed with joyous laughter;
Quickly flying, speed the hours,
Till the night again hath fallen.

And the wedding-guests assemble
For the dance within the palace,
And their many-coloured raiment
Glitters in the light of tapers.

Seated on a lofty dais,
Side by side are bride and bridegroom,
Donna Clara, Don Fernando,
And they murmur sweet love-whispers.

And within the hall wave brightly
All the gay-decked streams of dancers,
And the rolling drums are beaten,
Shrill the clamorous trumpet soundeth.

"Wherefore, wherefore, beauteous lady,
Are thy lovely glances fastened
Yonder in the hall's far corner?"
In amazement asked Fernando.

"See'st thou not, O Don Fernando,
Yonder man in sable mantle?"
And the knight spake, kindly smiling:
"Why, 'tis nothing but a shadow."

But the shadow drew anear them,
'Twas a man in sable mantle;
Clara knows at once Ramiro,
And she greets him, blushing crimson.

And the dance begins already,
Gaily whirl around the dancers
In the waltz's reckless circles,
Till the firm floor creaks and trembles.

"Yes, with pleasure, Don Ramiro,
I will dance with thee a measure,
But in such a night-black mantle
Thou shouldst never have come hither."

With fixed, piercing eyes, Ramiro
Gazes on the lovely lady,—
Then embracing her, speaks strangely:
"At thy bidding I came hither!"

In the wild whirl of the dancers
Press and turn the dancing couple;
And the rolling drums are beaten,
Shrill the clamorous trumpet soundeth.

"White as driven snow thy cheeks are!"
Whispers Clara, inly trembling.
"At thy bidding I came hither!"
Hollow ring Ramiro's accents.

In the hall the tapers flicker
With the eddying stream of dancers;
And the rolling drums are beaten,
Shrill the clamorous trumpet soundeth.

"Cold as ice I feel thy fingers!"
Whispers Clara, thrilled with terror.
"At thy bidding I came hither!"
And they rush on in the vortex.

"Leave me, leave me, Don Ramiro!
Like a corpse's scent thy breath is!"
Once again the gloomy sentence:
"At thy bidding I came hither!"

And the firm floor glows and rustles,
Merry sound the horns and fiddles;
Like a woof of strange enchantment,
All within the hall is whirling.

"Leave me, leave me, Don Ramiro!"
Donna Clara wails unceasing.
Don Ramiro still repeateth:
"At thy bidding I came hither!"

"In the name of God, begone, then!"
Clara shrieked, with steadfast accent,
And the word was scarcely spoken
When Ramiro, lo! had vanished.

Clara stiffens: deathly pallid,
Numb with cold, with night encompassed;
In a swoon the lovely creature
To the shadowy realm is wafted.

But the misty slumber passes,
And at last she lifts her eyelids;
Then again from sheer amazement
Her fair eyes at once she closes.

For she sees she hath not risen,
Since the dance's first beginning,
Still she sits beside the bridegroom,
And he speaks with anxious question:

"Say, why waxed thy cheek so pallid?
Wherefore filled thine eyes with shadows?"
"And Ramiro?" stammers Clara,
And her tongue is glued with terror.

But with deep and serious furrows
Is the bridegroom's forehead wrinkled:
"Lady, ask not bloody tidings,—
Don Ramiro died this morning."

EMMA LAZARUS.

BELSHAZZAR.

To midnight now the night drew on;
In slumber dumb lay Babylon.

The King's house only was all aflare,
For the King's wild crew were at revel there.

Up there in the King's own banquet hall,
Belshazzar held royal festival.

The satraps were marshalled in glittering line,
And emptied their beakers of sparkling wine.

The beakers they clinked, and the satraps' hurras
In the ears of the stiff-neckèd King rang his praise.

The King's hot cheeks were with revel dyed,
The wine made swell his heart with pride.

Blind madness his haughty stomach spurred,
And he slandered the Godhead with sinful word.

And strutting in pride he blasphemed, the crowd
Of servile courtiers applauding loud.

The King commanded with haughty stare;
The slave was gone, and again was there.

Much wealth of gold on his head bare he;
'Twas reft from Jehovah's sanctuary.

And the King took hold of a sacred cup
With his impious hand, and they filled it up;

And he drank to the bottom in one deep draught,
And loud, the foam on his lips, he laughed:

"Jehovah! Thy glories I spit upon:
I am the King of Babylon!"

But scarce had the awful words been said
When the King's heart withered with secret dread.

The boisterous laughter was stifled all,
And corpselike still did wax the hall;

Lo! lo! on the whited wall there came
The likeness of a man's hand in flame:

And wrote, and wrote in letters of flame,
And wrote and vanished, and no more came.

The King stark-staring sat, aquail,
With knees a-knocking, and face death-pale.

The satraps' blood ran cold—none stirred;
They sat like statues, without a word.

The Magians came; but none of them all
Could read those letters of flame on the wall.

But in that same night of his vaunting vain
By his satraps' hand was Belshazzar slain.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

THE MINNESINGERS.

In the lists of song engaging,
March the Minnesingers by;
Strange the combat they are waging,
Strange the tilt of chivalry:

Phantasy, foam-white and fuming,
Is the Minnesinger's steed,
He his art as shield assuming,
And the word, his sword at need.

On draped balcony there place them,
Fair dames, glancing blithely down,
But the right one doth not grace them
With the fitting laurel crown.

Other champions enter never,
Save unscathed, the listed ring;
But we Minnesingers ever
Do our death-wound with us bring.

And whose song his heart's-blood draining,
There with fullest flow doth bleed,
He the victor is, obtaining
From fair lips the brightest meed.

STRATHEIR.

THE WOUNDED KNIGHT.

I KNOW of an old, old story,
A sad and cheerless tale;
A knight who in love lies burning;
A maiden whose faith is frail.

As faithless he needs must scorn her,
Who yet is his soul's best part,
Must stifle as base and craven
The sorrow that rends his heart.

How fain in the lists he'd enter,
And loud 'mid the knights exclaim:
"Let him for the fight prepare him
Who dares to impeach her fame."

All round would be still, save only
The pangs he himself confess'd;
He must level his lance and aim it
At his own accusing breast.

J. E. WALLIS.

THE LAY OF REPENTANCE.

SIR ULRICK through the greenwood rides
Glad wave the green leaves dancing;
He sees a lovely girlish face
Athwart the branches glancing.

The youth exclaims: "Ah, well I know
That face of blooming gladness;
It haunts the scenes of crowded glee,
The scenes of lonely sadness.

"Two roses red are yonder lips,
Unnumbered charms revealing;
But many a harsh and bitter word
Comes often from them stealing.

"And thus that mouth resembles oft
A rose-tree sweetly flowering,
That hides the sly and venom'd snake
Beneath its shelter cowering.

"In yonder dimple wondrous fair,
The lovely cheek adorning,
I see the grave wherein I fell,
With frantic passion burning.

"In yonder lovely locks of hair
Around the fair brow shaken,
I see the magic nets wherein
By Satan I was taken.

"And yonder eye of liquid blue,
A well of inspiration,
I thought the gate of Heaven,—it proved
The portal of Damnation."

Sir Ulrick hastens through the wood,
The leaves were rustling o'er him;
He sees afar a second face
Glide pale and sad before him.

Then cries the youth: "O mother mine,
That loved with mother's blindness;
Whose heart by wicked word and deed
I saddened with unkindness!

Oh could I dry those eyes so wet,
With flames of sorrow glowing!
Oh, could I tinge those cheeks so pale
With my best heart's blood flowing."

And further as Sir Ulrick rides,
The shades of night surround him,
Mysterious voices strike his ear,
Soft sigh the night-winds round him.

The startled youth hears every word
Repeated round him ringing.
The mocking forest birds it was,
All twittering loud and singing:

"Sir Ulrick sings a charming song,
A song of pain and sorrow;
And should he end his song to-day,
He'll sing it anew to-morrow."

J. E. WALLIS.

ON HEARING A LADY SING AN OLD BALLAD.

"*Ich denke noch der Zaubervollen,*
Wie sie zuerst mein Auge sah."

I SEE her still, that fair enchantress,
As first my eyes upon her fell;
I hear her rich voice clear and pealing,
Into my heart's depths sweetly stealing,
Till tears relieve the quickened feeling,—
How I was moved, I cannot tell.

Away to dreamland I was wafted;
Methought that I was still a child;
I sit by lamplight in a nook
Of my dear mother's room, and look
In wonder on a story-book,
While winds without are piping wild.

The stories kindle into life,
Knights from the grave ascend anon;

There is a fight at Roncesvalles,
Sir Roland's plume towers o'er it all,
Brave falchions many attend his call,
So, too, does caitiff Ganelon.

By him most vilely done to death,
Bleeding and breathless Roland lies;
Scarce could he wind the signal horn,
That to great Charles's ear was borne;
When down he sank, foredone, forlorn,—
And straight with him my vision dies.

Then came a crash, that from my dream
Awoke me, a chaotic sound;
The legend now is all told out,
The people clap their hands, and shout
"Bravo! Bravo!" all round about;
The singer curtseys to the ground.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

NO, INDEED!

Wenn den Frühling kommt mit dem Sonnenschein.

WHEN spring is coming with sun-rays bright,
Budding and blooming each floweret creeps;
While the moon o'er her course of glory sweeps,
And the stars swim after in floods of light;
When the poet sees two sweet eyes aglow,
From his deepest soul the songs outflow;—
But songs and stars and pleasant flowers,
And eyes and moon-gleams and sunny hours,
Much as this stuff may please us all,
Don't go far to make up this earthly ball.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

SONNETS.

TO A. W. VON SCHLEGEL.

In hoopèd petticoat with flowers brocaded,
With beauty-spots upon her cheeks be-painted,
On high-heeled, sharp-toed shoes "enskied and sainted,"
With wasplike waist, and hair in towers thick-braided,
Even so the Pseudo-Muse her charms paraded
What time she lured thee to her bosom tainted;
But, led by instincts dim, thou grew'st acquainted
With ways that drew thee from her alleys faded.

There in the ancient wilderness thou foundest
A bower; where lay in charmèd sleep profoundest
The sweetest Maid, like some fair marble Attic;

Soon broken the spell; for, at thy kiss awaking,
Rose the true German Muse, her smiles out-breaking,
And sank upon thy breast in love ecstatic.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

TO MY MOTHER, B. HEINE.

(*Née* VON GELDERN.)

I.

I HAVE been wont to bear my head right high,
My temper too is somewhat stern and rough ;
Even before a monarch's cold rebuff
I would not timidly avert mine eye.
Yet, mother dear, I'll tell it openly :
Much as my haughty pride may swell and puff,
I feel submissive and subdued enough
When thy much cherished, darling form is nigh.
Is it thy spirit that subdues me then,
Thy spirit, grasping all things in its ken,
And soaring to the light of heaven again?
By the sad recollection I'm oppress'd
That I have done so much that grieves thy breast,
Which loved me, more than all things else, the best.

EDGAR ALFRED BOWRING.

TO MY MOTHER, B. HEINE.

(*Née* VON GELDERN.)

II.

WITH foolish fancy I deserted thee;
I fain would search the whole world through to learn
If in it I perchance could love discern,
That I might love embrace right lovingly.
I sought for love as far as eye could see,
My hands extending at each door in turn,
Begging them not my prayer for love to spurn—
Cold hate alone they laughing gave to me.
And ever search'd I after love; yes, ever
Search'd after love, but love discover'd never,
And so I homeward went with troubled thought;
But thou wert there to welcome me again,
And, ah, what in thy dear eye floated then
That was the sweet love I so long had sought.

EDGAR ALFRED BOWRING.

TO H. S.

Wie ich Dein Büchlein hastig aufgeschlagen.

I OPED thy book in haste, and, lo before me
There strangely swept familiar songs long banished,
The golden pictures which for years had vanished
That in my boyhood's dreams and days swept o'er me.
Again I see, proudly to heaven up-raying,
The good cathedral, built by faith availing,—
By German faith,—and hear a sweet love-wailing
Amid the tones of bells and organs playing.
I see right well, too, on the temple tripping,
The daring dwarfs go hammering and shaking,
The lovely tracery and flower-work breaking;
But though men work for aye, the old oak stripping,
Of all their verdant spoil his limbs bereaving,
When the spring comes, afresh, ye'll find him leaving.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

FRESCO SONNETS TO CHRISTIAN SETHE.

Ich tanz' nicht mit, ich räuch're nicht den Klötzen.

I DANCE not with, I worship not, that rabble
Who are all gold without, within all sand;
I'm not urbane when a knave holds out his hand,
Who secretly my name with filth would dabble;
Nor do I bow to those fair dames who drabble
Their names with pride through all the shame i' the land.
I drag no burdens when the mob hath spanned
Its idol's chariot with acclaiming gabble.
I know the oak must on the ground be lying,
While the brook-reed once bent goes upward flying,
After the storm, elastic as before.
And yet what is the reed when all is o'er?
How lucky! first as cane it serves some dandy,
Then to dust clothes his boot-black finds it handy.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Gieb her die Larv',—ich will mich jetzt maskieren.

GIVE me that mask,—for masked I'll cross the border
Of Rascaldom, that rascals with me walking,
Who splendidly "in character" go stalking,
May not imagine I am of their order.
Of vulgar words and modes I'll be recorder,
Like the vile mob, in their own language talking:
Bright gems of wit no more will I go hawking,
Such as each fool now sports in gay disorder.
So through the great masked ball I will go bounding
'Mid German knights, monks, monarchs high respected,
Greeted by harlequins,—by none detected,—
Their swords of lath upon my jacket sounding.
And there's the joke. If off my mask were taken,
With what still horror would the pack be shaken!

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Ich lache ob den abgeschmackten Laffen.

I ONLY laugh at the invidious grin
With which the the goat-faced herd at me do stare ;
I laugh too, at the foxes, who with bare
Gaunt paunches sniff and gape, all hunger-thin.
I laugh too, at the apes that *look* so wise,
And swell themselves to arbiters of thought ;
I laugh, too, at the craven good-for-nought,
Who with his poisoned steel in ambush lies.
For when Good Fortune's wreath of Life's best flowers
Is smitten by the hand of adverse Fate,
And shattered at our feet lies all forlorn ;
And when the heart within the breast is torn,
Torn, broken, cleft in twain and desolate,—
Why,—shrill, ironic laughter still is ours !

"JOHN ACKERLOS."

Im Hirn spukt mir ein Märchen wunderfein.

My brain aye haunting is a legend rare,
And a sweet song doth through the legend flow,
And in the song doth live and float and blow
A gentle little maiden wondrous fair.
Within, a little heart the maid doth bear,
But in the little heart no love doth glow;
For in its loveless, frosty nature show
But haughtiness and pride disdainful there.
Hear'st how the legend through my brain is ringing?
And how the song resounds forlorn and wailing?
And how the maiden her light laugh doth waken?
I fear lest burst my head asunder springing—
And ah! the thought too terrible—lest failing,
My reason from her ancient seat be shaken.

"STRATHEIR."

In stiller, wehmuthreicher Abendstunde.

WHEN still soft evening hours are sadly going,
And long forgotten songs blend with my dreaming,
And tears adown my cheek again are streaming,
And from my old heart's wound the blood comes flowing;
And when, as in a magic mirror gleaming,
I see *Her* form slowly to likeness growing,
In a red bodice at her table sewing,
All in her happy sphere so silent seeming,—
When suddenly she from her chair upspringing,
Cuts from her locks the loveliest of tresses,
And gives it me,—the rapture half distresses;
But, oh, the devil comes, his torture bringing;
From those fair hairs a binding rope he's twisted,
And now for years has dragged me as he listed.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Als ich vor einem Jahr dich wiederblickte.

"When I saw thee again in last year's meeting,
Thou didst not kiss a welcome on that day!"
As I said this, my love, in pretty play,
With sweetest lips gave to my lips a greeting,
Then plucked—an instant from my side retreating—
A myrtle-twig which in the window lay:
"Take this," she said, "plant it without delay,
And place a glass on it."—Oh, love-gift fleeting!
'Twas all long, long ago. The twig is dead;
For years I have not seen the maid I wooed:
And yet the kiss burns wildly in my head;
And lately from afar it drove me on
To where she dwells. Before the house I stood,
The whole night long, nor left till morning shone.

Charles G. Leland.

Hüt Dich, mein Freund, vor grimmen Teufelsfratzen.

BEWARE, my friend, of fiends and their grimaces;
Of little angels' wiles yet more beware thee;
Just such an one to kiss her did ensnare me,
But coming, I got wounds and not embraces.
Beware of black old cats, with evil faces;
Yet more, of kittens white and soft be wary:
My sweetheart was just such a little fairy,
And yet she well-nigh scratched my heart to pieces.
Oh child! oh sweet love, dear beyond all measure,
How could those eyes, so bright and clear, deceive me?
That little paw so sore a heart-wound give me?
My kitten's tender paw, thou soft, small treasure,
Oh! could I to my burning lips but press thee,
My heart the while might bleed to death and bless thee.

ALMA STRETTELL,
Selections from Heine.

Du sah'st mich oft im Kampf mit jenen Schlingeln.

THOU'ST seen me oft with knaves in altercation,
With puppies spectacled and tabbies painted,
Who my good name have anything but sainted,
Or rather sought to sink it to damnation.
Thou saw'st me bored by pedant's affectation,
How fools their caps and bells came round me rattling,
How poisonous serpents round my heart were battling,
And how it bled till courage well-nigh fainted.
But thou wert ever firm, like a great tower;
Thy head my beacon was in stormy hour,
Thy trusty heart a haven safe and sure;
Tis true, wild storms around that port are flying,
And few the ships within its shelter lying,
But he who once is there may rest secure.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Ich möchte weinen doch ich kann es nicht.

O, I would weep, and yet I cannot weep,
And I would fain soar boldly heavenward winging,
And yet I cannot; to the base earth clinging,
Where the foul hissing worm-brood round me creep.
And I would fain near my own life's light keep,
My sweet love, o'er her a fond shelter flinging,
My life in her blest fragrant presence bringing,
Yet can I not—rent is my sad heart deep!
Forth from my broken heart I feel fast flowing
My warm life-blood, I feel my forces failing,
And all things darker are my eyes discerning.
And trembling inwardly I stretch in yearning
Towards that cloud-land where silent shadows sailing
Their yielding arms in love are round me throwing.

"STRATHEIR."

LYRICAL INTERMEZZO.

1822—1823.

With my anguish and my yearning
I have filled the book thou holdest;
And, whilst thou the leaves art turning,
Know that thou my heart unfoldest.

FRANKLIN JOHNSON.

PROLOGUE.

THERE once was a knight, sad and silent was he,
With pale cheeks, and eyeballs deep buried,
Who went awkwardly stumbling with tottering knee,
In dreams or in brown studies buried.
So wooden, so clumsy, of grace all bereft,
The flowers and the maidens all laughed right and left,
When past them he blundering hurried.

Oft he sat in the gloomiest corner at home,
Before men he was silent and fluttered,
And yearned, with stretched arms, as for someone to come,
Yet scarcely a syllable muttered:
But when midnight had fallen o'er the sorrowful man,
A strange musical ringing and singing began,
And a tapping with whispering soft uttered.

And in gently gliding his love met his sight,
In soft, rustling foam-garments gleaming,
Blowing and glowing like rose-leaves in light,
Her veil with fair star-jewels beaming;
Gold ringlets at will round her slender form play,
Her eyes greet his own, and he owns their sweet sway,
They embrace,—he no longer is dreaming.

With love-might he holds her, his fears are all fled,
Right bravely the Dull One is glowing;
The Dreamer awakes, and the Pale One is red,
And the Timid a bold one is growing.
But now by his love he is roguishly mocked;
His head she has covered and merrily locked
With her diamond-starred white veil long-flowing.

In crystalline palace, deep under the sea,
The good knight enchanted is straying;
He stares in wild wonder, and scarcely can see,
For the splendour and glory bright raying.
But the Nixie in love holds him fast to her side,
The knight is a bridegroom, the Nixie is bride,
And her maidens the cithern are playing.

They're playing and singing, and singing so well,
Ah! who in that wild dance is fleetest?
The knight is half giddy, his heart seems to swell,
And more firmly he clings to the Sweetest,
When sudden a darkness o'er all seems to come,
And the good knight again sits so lonely at home
In his close, little, poet's chamber.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai.

'TWAS in the glorious month of May,
When all the buds were blowing,
I felt—ah me, how sweet it was!—
Love in my heart a-growing.

'Twas in the glorious month of May,
When all the birds were quiring,
In burning words I told her all
My yearning, my aspiring.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

Aus meinen Thränen spriessen.

WHERE'ER my bitter tear-drops fall,
The fairest flowers arise;
And into choirs of nightingales
Are turned my bosom's sighs.

And wilt thou love me, thine shall be
The fairest flowers that spring,
And at thy window evermore
The nightingales shall sing.

J. E. WALLIS.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne.

THE rose and the lily, the moon and the dove,
Once loved I them all with a perfect love.
I love them no longer, I love alone
The Lovely, the Graceful, the Pure, the One
Who twines in one wreath all their beauty and love,
And rose is, and lily, and moon and dove.

RICHARD GARNETT.

Wenn ich in Deine Augen seh'.

DEAR, when I look into thine eyes,
My deepest sorrow straightway flies ;
But when I kiss thy mouth, ah, then
No thought remains of bygone pain.

And when I lean upon thy breast,
No dream of heaven could be more blest ;
But, when thou say'st thou lovest me,
I fall to weeping bitterly.

ALMA STRETTELL.

Dein Angesicht so lieb und schön.

THY face, that fair, sweet face I know,
I dreamed of it awhile ago ;
It is an angel's face, so mild—
And yet, so sadly pale, poor child !

Only the lips are rosy bright,
But soon cold Death will kiss them white ;
And quench the light of Paradise
That shines from out those earnest eyes.

ALMA STRETTELL,
Selections from Heine.

Lehn' Deine Wang' an meine Wang'.

LEAN close thy cheek against my cheek,
That our tears together may blend, love,
And press thy heart upon my heart,
That from both one flame may ascend, love !

And while in that flame so doubly bright
Our tears are falling and burning,
And while in my arms I clasp thee tight,
I will die with love and yearning.

FRANKLIN JOHNSON.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen.

I'LL breathe my soul and its secret
In the lily's chalice white;
The lily shall thrill and re-echo
A song of my heart's delight.

The song shall quiver and tremble,
Even as did the kiss
That her rosy lips once gave me
In a moment of wondrous bliss.

J. E. WALLIS.

Es stehen unbeweglich.

FOR many thousand ages
The steadfast stars above
Have gazed upon each other
With ever mournful love.

They speak a certain language,
So beautiful, so grand,
Which none of the philologians
Could ever understand.

But I have learned it, learned it,
For ever, by the grace
Of studying one grammar,
My heart's own darling's face.

JAMES THOMSON.

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges.

ON the wings of song far sweeping,
Heart's dearest, with me thou'lt go
Away where the Ganges is creeping:
Its loveliest garden I know,—

A garden where roses are burning
In the moonlight all silent there;
Where the lotus-flowers are yearning
For their sister beloved and fair.

The violets titter, caressing,
Peeping up as the planets appear,
And the roses, their warm love confessing,
Whisper words, soft-perfumed, to each ear,

And, gracefully lurking or leaping,
The gentle gazelles come round:
While afar, deep rushing and sweeping
The waves of the Ganges sound.

We'll lie there in slumber sinking
Neath the palm-trees by the stream,
Rapture and rest deep drinking,
Dreaming the happiest dream.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Die Lotosblume ängstigt.

THE Lotus-flower doth languish
Beneath the sun's fierce light;
With drooping head she waiteth
All dreamily for night.

The Moon is her true lover,
He wakes her with his glance:
To him she unveils gladly
Her gentle countenance.

She blooms and glows and brightens,
Intent on him above;
Exhaling, weeping, trembling
With ever-yearning love.

JAMES THOMSON.

Im Rhein, im schönen Strome.

IN Rhine's broad-rolling waters
As in a mirror is shown,
Around its great Cathedral,
The great, the holy Cologne.

Therein a picture, painted
On golden leather is seen,
Which in my soul's deep darkness
A ray of light has been.

Sweet roses and angels hover
Our Lady's head above;
The eyes and the cheeks and the features
Are those of my own true love.

FRANCIS HUEFFER.

Du liebst mich nicht.

THOU lovest me not, thou lovest me not ;
But that is a little thing ;
So I find but grace to see thy face,
I am happy as a king.

Thou hatest, hatest me outright !
Dear pouting lips that smiled !
They are sweet lips still, and their kisses will
Console me, sweetest child.

ERNEST RADFORD.

O schwöre nicht und küsse nur.

OH ! only kiss and swear no oath,
What women swear to trust I'm loth !
Thy words are sweet, yet sweeter is,
When I have taken it, thy kiss.
The one I have and know it's true—
Words are but breath and vapour too.

Oh ! swear, my loved one, ever swear,—
Thy simplest words oaths' force shall bear.
I lay me gently on thy breast,
And quite believe that I am blessed,
And I believe, my sweet, that me
Thou lov'st beyond eternity.

A ROGERS.

Auf meiner Herzliebsten Aeugelein.

UPON my darling's beaming eyes
I plied my rhyming trade;
Upon my darling's cherry lips
An epigram I made;
My darling has a blooming cheek,
I penn'd a song upon it;
And if she had but had a heart,
Her heart had had a sonnet.

RICHARD GARNETT.

Die Welt ist dumm, die Welt ist blind.

THE world is dull, the world is blind,
And daily grows more silly!
It says of you, my lovely child,
You are not quite a lily.

The world is dull, the world is blind,
And judges in stupid fashion;
It knows not how sweet your kisses are,
And how they burn with passion.

JAMES THOMSON.

Liebste, sollst mir heute sagen.

SAY, love, art thou not a vision,—
Speak, for I to know am fain,—
Such as summer hours Elysian
Breed within the poet's brain?

Nay, a mouth of such completeness,
Eyes of such bewitching flame,
Girl so garner'd round with sweetness,
Never did a poet frame.

Vampires, basilisks, chimæras,
Dragons, monsters, all the dire
Creatures of the fable eras,
Quicken in the poet's fire.

But thyself, so artful-artless,
Thy sweet face, thy tender eyes,
With their looks so fond, so heartless,
Never poet could devise.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

Wie die Wellenschaumgeborene.

LIKE the foam-born of the waters,
Gleams my love in beauty's pride;
But that fairest of earth's daughters
Is a stranger's chosen bride.

Heart, keep patience; never lose it;
Murmur not that thou'rt betrayed;
Bear it, bear it, and excuse it
To the lovely, stupid maid.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Ich grolle nicht und wenn das Herz auch bricht.

I BLAME thee not, a broken heart my lot,
O Love for ever lost! I blame thee not.
Though thou art splendid with the diamonds bright,
There falls no gleam within thy heart's deep night.

I've known this long. I saw thee in clear dream,
And saw black night within thy soul supreme,
And saw the worm still fretting at thy heart,
I saw how wretched, O my Love, thou art.

JAMES THOMSON.

Ja, Du bist elend, und ich grolle nicht.

YES, thou art wretched, and I blame thee not;—
My Love, we both must ever wretched be!
Until death's peace concludes our fated lot,
My Love, we both must ever wretched be!

I see the scorn which round thy pale lip weaves,
And see thine eyes outlighten haughtily,
And see the pride with which thy bosom heaves,
And wretched art thou still, wretched as I.

In secret round thy mouth a pain-thrill steals,
Through tears held back thine eyes can scarcely see,
The haughty breast a bleeding heart conceals,—
My love, we both must ever wretched be.

JAMES THOMSON.

Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen.

And if the little flowers could see
How pierced my heart with grief,
Then surely they would weep with me
To bring my pain relief.

And if the nightingales could tell
How sick I am, and sad,
Their merry songs would fill the vale,
To make my heart more glad.

And if the golden stars on high
My sorrow could but guess,
They would come down from out the sky,
To comfort my distress.

Yet none of these can ever know;
One knows, but only one.
Herself she pierced my heart—and so
She knows, and she alone.

ALMA STRETTELL,
Selections from Heine.

Warum sind denn die Rosen so blass.

O DEAREST, canst thou tell me why
The rose should be so pale?
And why the azure violet
Should wither in the vale?

And why the lark should in the cloud
So sorrowfully sing?
And why from loveliest balsam-buds
A scent of death should spring?

And why the sun upon the mead
So chillingly should frown?
And why the earth should, like a grave,
Be mouldering and brown?

And why it is that I myself
So languishing should be?
And why it is, my heart of hearts,
That thou forsakest me?

RICHARD GARNETT.

Sie haben Dir viel erzählet.

A THOUSAND tales they bore thee,
And oft of me complained,
But never set before thee
What most my soul has pained.

With noisy tongues they blamed me,
And shook their heads as grieved;
And as a wretch defamed me,
And thou hast all believed.

Yet far the saddest folly
They never have revealed;
The saddest and the maddest
Lay in my heart concealed.

FRANKLIN JOHNSON.

Die Linde blühte, die Nachtigall sang.

When the lime-trees bloomed, and the sun shone bright,
And the nightingale sang in the morning light,
You kissed me then, and your soft arm pressed
And clasped me close to your throbbing breast.

When the sun shone pale, and the leaves were dead,
And the raven croaked in the trees o'erhead,
We wished one another a cold "Good-day,"
You made me a courtesy, and went your way.

ALMA STRETTELL,
Selections from Heine.

Wir haben viel für einander gefühlt.

We have felt for each other a deal through life,
And yet behaved ourselves as we ought ;
We often have played at husband and wife,
And yet we never have wrangled and fought.
We have shared together, in mirth and bliss,
The fondest embrace and the sweetest kiss ;
And to end the matter, from childish pique
We have played with each other hide and seek ;
And have hidden so well, that at last 'tis plain
We never shall find one another again.

J. E. WALLIS.

Die blauen Veilchen der Aeugelein.

THE violets blue of the eyes divine,
And the rose of the cheeks as red as wine,
And the lilies white of the hands so fine,
They flourish and flourish from year to year,
And only the heart is withered and sere.

JAMES THOMSON.

Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam.

A PINE-TREE standeth lonely
In the North on an upland bare;
It standeth whitely shrouded
With snow, and sleepeth there.

It dreameth of a Palm Tree
Which far in the East alone,
In mournful silence standeth
On its ridge of burning stone.

JAMES THOMSON.

Ach wenn ich nur der Schemel wär.

THE HEAD SPEAKS.

AH, if I but the footstool were
Whereon her small feet daily rest,
I never would complain to her,
However hard I might be prest.

THE HEART SPEAKS.

Ah, if I but the cushion were,
Wherein her pins and needles sleep,
I would but joy the more of her,
If she should pierce me oft and deep.

THE SONG SPEAKS.

Ah, if I but the paper were,
Wherein she curls her silken hair,
Then would I nestle close to her,
And whisper all the love I bear.

FRANKLIN JOHNSON.

Seit die Liebste war entfernt.

SINCE my love now loves me not,
How to laugh I have forgot;
Jests no more my griefs beguile,
For I cannot, cannot smile.

Since my love now loves me not,
How to weep I have forgot;
Broken is my heart with woe,
But my tears refuse to flow.

FRANKLIN JOHNSON.

Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen.

FROM pain wherein I languish
My little songs I utter,
And their rustling wings they flutter
And bear her my tale of anguish.

They find her heart, but stay not:
They come again with sighing,
They come again with crying,
Yet what they have seen they say not.

FRANKLIN JOHNSON.

Manch Bild vergessener Zeiten.

THE phantoms of times forgotten
Arise from out their grave,
And show me how once in their presence
I lived the life it gave.

In the day I wandered dreaming
Through the streets with unsteady foot;
The people looked at me in wonder,
I was so mournful and mute.

At night, then it was better,
For empty then was the town;
I and my shadow together
Walked speechless up and down.

My way, with echoing footstep,
Over the bridge I took;
The moon broke out of the waters,
And gave me a solemn look.

I stopped before thy dwelling,
And gazed, one glimpse to gain—
Stood staring up at the window—
My heart was in such pain.

I know that down from thy window
Thou many a look didst send,
And sawest me in the moonlight,
There like a pillar stand.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen.

A YOUNG man loved a maiden,
But she for another has sigh'd;
That other, he loves another,
And makes her at length his bride.

The maiden marries, in anger
The first adventurous wight
That chance may fling before her;
The youth is in piteous plight.

The story is old as ages,
Yet happens again and again:
The last to whom it happen'd,
His heart is rent in twain.

J. E. WALLIS.

Mir traümte von einem Königskind.

IT was a mighty monarch's child,
Her cheek was pale, her eye was wild;
Beneath a linden's shade I press'd
The maiden to my panting breast.

"I will not have thy father's throne,
I will not have his golden crown,
I will not have his realm so wide,
I will have thee, and nought beside."

"That cannot be," the maiden said,
Because I am already dead;
And but by night the sods above
I burst for thee, and thy dear love."

RICHARD GARNETT.

Mein Liebchen, wir sassen zusammen.

MY darling, we sat together,
We two, in our frail boat;
The night was calm o'er the wide sea
Whereon we were afloat.

The Spectre-Island, the lovely,
Lay dim in the moon's mild glance;
There sounded sweetest music,
There waved the shadowy dance.

It sounded sweeter and sweeter,
It waved there to and fro;
But we slid past forlornly
Upon the great sea-flow.

JAMES THOMSON.

Aus alten Märchen winkt es.

FROM ancient legends springing,
Beckons a snowy hand,
With a ringing and a singing,
And all of a magic land,

Where strange large flowers are yearning
In golden eventides,
All passionately burning,
Gazing like longing brides;

Where all the trees are speaking,
And singing like a choir,
And fountains pure fall breaking
In music on the air,—

Love's sweetest airs prolonging,
Such as thou ne'er didst know,
Until strange love and longing
O'er all the spirits flow.

And oh, that I were yonder!
How blest my heart would be
In that sweet land of wonder,
How happy, and how free!

O Land of Joy!—before me
I see thee oft in dreams!
But when the day dawns o'er me
It flits like foam on streams.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Ich hab' Dich geliebet und liebe Dich noch.

I LOVED thee once, I love thee still,
And, fell this world asunder,
My love's eternal flame would rise
'Midst chaos, crash, and thunder!

HEINRICH HERZ.

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen.

AROUND the garden I wander
On a radiant summer morn,
The flowers are whispering and chattering,
But I am all silent, forlorn.

The flowers are whispering and chattering,
With pity my face they scan :
" Be not angry with our sister,
Thou sad and pale-faced man."

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

Es leuchtet meine Liebe.

MY love in its shadowy glory
Shines out with a lurid light,
Like a troubled and tragic story,
That is told on a summer night.

" Lovers twain in a garden enchanted,
Alone and in silence stray ;
By the nightingales' songs they are haunted,
And round them the moonbeams play.

" Statue-like stands the maid, uncompliant,
On his knees at her feet is the knight ;
When on strides a brute of a giant,
And the maiden flies off in a fright.

" The knight drops senseless and gory,
The giant reels home to his bed——"
'Twill not be wound up, that story,
Till the turf is laid over my head.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

Sie haben mich gequälet.

THEY have driven me almost mad,
And forced me to curse my fate,
Some of them with their love,
Some of them with their hate.

They have poisoned the cup I drank,
They have poisoned the food I ate,
Some of them with their love,
Some of them with their hate.

But she who has tortur'd, vexed,
And wounded me deepest, she
Has never been known to hate,
Nor feel any love for me.

J. E. WALLIS.

Es liegt der heisse Sommer.

THE rosy glow of summer
Is on thy dimpled cheek,
While in thy heart the winter
Is lying cold and bleak.

But this will change hereafter,
When years have done their part,
And on thy cheek be winter,
And summer in thy heart.

FRANKLIN JOHNSON.

Wenn zwei von einander scheiden.

When two that are dear must part,
In sorrow the hands are pressed;
Their tears begin to flow,
Their sighing knows no rest.

With us there was no weeping,
Nor had we aught to say—
Our sighing and our weeping
Came on an after-day.

J. Snodgrass.

Vergiftet sind meine Lieder.

All of my songs are poisoned—
How could it otherwise be?
The bloom of my very existence
Hast thou e'en poisoned for me.

All of my songs are poisoned—
How could it otherwise be?
In my bosom I've many a serpent;
There too, my love, I have thee.

A. Rogers.

Mir träumte wieder der alte Traum.

The old dream comes again to me:
With May-night stars above,
We two sat under the linden-tree
And swore eternal love.

Again and again we plighted troth,
We chattered, and laughed, and kissed ;
To make me well remember my oath
You gave me a bite in the wrist.

O darling with the eyes serene,
And with the teeth so white !
The vows were proper to the scene,
Superfluous was the bite.

JAMES THOMSON.

Mein Wagen rollet langsam.

MY coach goes slowly rolling
All through the greenwood gay,
Through flowery dales enchanting,
Which bloom in the sunny ray.

Of my lady-love musing and dreaming,
I sit, when three forms approach,
Three shadowy forms, which, greeting
And nodding, peer into the coach.

They leap and make grimaces,
So mocking yet so shy,
And whirl up like mists together
And, tittering, go darting by.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich Dich.

EACH night I see thy features sweet;
Thou smil'st when I am sleeping;
And in my dreams before thy feet
I cast me, loudly weeping.

Thou look'st on me with pitying grace,
And shak'st thy golden tresses,
While many a tear-drop down thy face
In pearly lustre presses.

A cypress wreath thou givest me
With accents low and broken:—
I wake; and lo, no wreath I see,
Nor know what thou hast spoken.

FRANKLIN JOHNSON.

Das ist ein Brausen und Heulen.

THE wind and the rain are playing,
And the autumn storm roars wild:
Oh, where may she be straying,
My poor unhappy child?

At her window sadly dreaming,
In her little lonely room,
Her eyes with tear-drops gleaming,
She looks out into gloom.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Der Herbstwind rüttelt die Bäume.

The Fall-wind rattles the branches,
The night is chilly grown,
And wrapped in my dark-grey mantle,
I ride through the wood alone.

And as I ride, so riding
My thoughts go on before;
They carry me, light and lively,
Up to my true love's door.

The hounds bay loud, and the servants
Their flaring torches bring;
I rush up the winding staircase,
My steel spurs rattle and ring.

In her well-lighted tapestried chamber,
Where all is sweet-perfumed and warm,
The beautiful darling awaits me;
And at last we are fast arm in arm.

The oak-tree speaks in the forest,
Where the leaves on the storm-wind stream:
"What wilt thou, O foolish rider,
With this thy foolish dream?"

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Es fällt ein Stern herunter.

SEE yonder, where a gem of night
Falls helpless from its heavenly height!
It is the brilliant star of Love
That thus forsakes the realms above.

And one by one the wind bereaves
The apple-tree of silvery leaves ;
The breezes, in their reckless play,
Spurn them with dancing feet away.

And round and round swims on the pool
The tuneful swan so beautiful,
And ever singing sweet and slow
He sinks into his grave below.

It is so dreary and so dread !
The leaf is wholly witherèd,
The fallen star has flamed away,
The swan has sung his dying lay.

RICHARD GARNETT.

Der Traumgott bracht mich in ein Riesenschloss.

THE Dream-God brought me to a giant pile,
'Mid sweet enchanted scents and tapers burning,
Where a strange, motley throng pressed on the while,
Through labyrinthine chambers strangely turning.
The pale crowd seeking exit filled each aisle,
Wringing their hands and wailing in wild yearning.
Maidens and knights I marked among the many ;
And I am hurled along as swift as any.

When suddenly I'm all alone, and so
I stare that nought remains, of crowd reminding,
Then wander on alone, and haste and go
Through all the chambers marvellously winding.

My feet seem lead, my heart all fright and woe,
And now I deem the exit past all finding.
At length, however, to the gate I fare,
And now I go—O God! who's standing there?

I saw my love upon that threshold stand,
Her brow all bent with care, her lips with sorrow.
I should return, she showed it with her hand;
Was it a threat or warning for the morrow?
A sweet fire from her eyes flashed forth command,
Till heart and brain seemed a new strength to borrow,
Strange, lovely, stern, the thoughts those glances spoke,
And yet so full of love! with that I woke.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Die Mitternacht war kalt und stumm.

THE midnight hour was silent and cold;
Loud wailing I strayed through forest and wold.
From their sleep I shook in despairing passion
The trees—they shook their heads in compassion.

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

Am Kreuzweg ward begraben.

AT the cross-roads he lies buried
Who ended his life in shame;
And there grows a pale blue flower,
The Felon's Flower by name.

At the cross-roads I stood sighing,
Silent the night and drear,
And gently swayed the Flower
In the moonlight cold and clear.

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

Wo ich bin, mich rings umdunkelt.

EVERYWHERE a chilling darkness
Thick and heavy round me lies,
Since no more there shines upon me
All the lustre of thine eyes.

And extinguished is the gentle
Star of love's resplendent light;
Yawning chasms gape around me:
Take me, thou primeval Night!

J. E. WALLIS.

Nacht lag auf meinen Augen.

NIGHT lay upon my eyelids;
Upon my mouth lay lead;
With rigid brain and bosom,
I lay among the dead.

How long it was I know not
That sleep thus rest me gave;
I wakened up, and heard then
A knocking at my grave.

"Wilt thou not rise up, Henry?
The eternal day comes on,
The dead are all arisen,
The endless joys begun."

"My love, I cannot raise me,
For I have lost my sight;
My eyes with bitter weeping,
They are extinguished quite."

"From thy dear eyelids, Henry,
I'll kiss the night away;
Thou shalt behold the angels,
And also Heaven's display."

"My love, I cannot raise me;
Still out the blood is poured,
Where thou heart-deep didst stab me
With a keen-pointed word."

"I will my hand lay, Henry,
Soft, soft upon thy heart;
And that will stop its bleeding—
And soothe at once the smart."

"My love, I cannot raise me,
My head is bleeding too;
When thou wast stolen from me,
I shot it through and through."

"I with my hair, dear Henry,
Will stop the fountain red,
Press back again the blood-stream,
And heal thy wounded head."

She begged so soft, so dearly,
I could no more say no;
I tried and strove to raise me,
And to my darling go.

Then the wounds again burst open:
With torrent force outbreak
From head and breast the blood-stream;
And see! I came awake.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Die alten, bösen Lieder.

THE evil dreams and bitter,
Old lilts of wicked song,
To bury now, come, bring me
A coffin deep and long.

I'll lay therein things many,
But what, I'll tell to none;
This coffin must be bigger
Than Heidelberg's great tun.

And bring a bier to match it,
Each stout and mighty beam
Long as the bridge that crosses,
By Mainz, the broad Rhine-stream.

And bring me eke twelve giants,
Each stronger in the spine
Than stout St. Christopher's self in
The minster at Köln on the Rhine.

The twelve shall carry the coffin
To sink it in the sea;
For such a mighty coffin
No meaner grave should be.

But know ye why this coffin
Is heavy and hard to move?
I've laid therein my sorrow,
And laid therein my love.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

THE RETURN HOME.

1823—1824.

In mein gar zu dunkles Leben.

ONCE upon my life's dark pathway
Gleam'd a phantom of delight;
Now that phantom fair has vanish'd,
I am wholly wrapt in night.

Children in the dark, they suffer
At their heart a spasm of fear;
And, their inward pain to deaden,
Sing aloud, that all may hear.

I, a madcap child, now childlike
In the dark to sing am fain;
If my song be not delightsome,
It at least has eased my pain.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten.

I KNOW not what evil is coming,
  But my heart feels sad and cold;
A song in my head keeps humming,
  A tale from the times of old.

The air is fresh and it darkles,
  And smoothly flows the Rhine;
The peak of the mountain sparkles
  In the fading sunset-shine.

The loveliest wonderful maiden
  On high is sitting there,
With golden jewels braiden,
  And she combs her golden hair.

With a golden comb sits combing,
  And ever the while sings she
A marvellous song through the gloaming
  Of magical melody.

It hath caught the boatman, and bound him
  In the spell of a wild sad love;
He sees not the rocks around him,
  He sees only her above.

The waves through the pass keep swinging,
  But boatman or boat is none;
And this with her mighty singing
  The *Loreley* hath done.

JAMES THOMSON.

Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten.

I CANNA tell what has come ower me
That I am sae eerie and wae;
An auld-warld tale comes before me,
It haunts me by nicht and by day.

From the cool lift the gloamin' draps dimmer,
And the Rhine slips saftly by;
The taps of the mountains shimmer
I' the lowe o' the sunset sky.

Up there, in a glamour entrancin',
Sits a maiden wondrous fair;
Her gowden adornments are glancing,
She is kaimin' her gowden hair.

As she kaims it the gowd kaim glistens,
The while she is singin' a song
That hauds the rapt soul that listens,
With its melody sweet and strong.

The boy, floating by in vague wonder,
Is seized with a wild weird love;
He sees na the black rocks under,—
He sees but the vision above.

The waters their waves are flingin'
Ower boatie and boatman anon;
And this, with her airtful singin',
The Waterwitch Lurley hath done.

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN.

Mein Herz, mein Herz ist traurig.

My heart, my heart is mournful,
Yet joyously shines the May ;
I stand by the linden leaning,
High on the bastion grey.

The blue town-moat thereunder
Glides peacefully along ;
A boy in a boat is angling,
And whistling a careless song.

Beyond, like a well-known picture,
All small and fair, are strewed
Houses and gardens and people,
Oxen and meadows and wood.

The maidens bleach the linen,
And dance in the grass for glee ;
The mill-wheel scatters diamonds,
Its far hum reaches me.

Upon the hoary tower
A sentry-box stands low ;
A youth in his coat of scarlet
There passes to and fro.

He trifles with his musket,
Which gleams in the sunshine red,
He shoulders and presents it,—
I would he shot me dead !

James Thomson.

Im Walde wandl' ich und weine.

In tears through the woods I wander,
The thrush is perched on the bough :
She springs and sings up yonder—
"Oh, why so sad art thou?"

"The swallows, thy sisters, are able,
My dear, to answer thee ;
They build clever nests in the gable
Where sweetheart's windows be."

EMMA LAZARUS.

Die Nacht ist feucht und stürmisch.

The night is wet and stormy,
The heaven black above ;
In the wood beneath rustling branches
All silently I rove.

From the lonely hunter's cottage
A light beams cheerily ;
But it will not tempt me thither,
Where all is sad to see.

The blind old grandmother's sitting
Alone in the leathern chair,
Uncanny and stern as an image,
And speaking to no one there.

The red-headed son of the hunter
Walks cursing up and down,
And casts in a corner his rifle,
With a bitter laugh and a frown.

A maiden is spinning and weeping,
And moistens the flax with tears,
While at her small feet, whimpering,
Lies a hound with drooping ears.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Wir sassen am Fischerhause.

We sat at the fisherman's cottage,
And gazed upon the sea;
Then came the mists of evening,
And rose up silently.

The lights within the lighthouse
Were kindled one by one,
We saw still a ship in the distance
On the dim horizon alone.

We spoke of tempest and shipwreck,
Of sailors and of their life,
And how 'twixt clouds and billows
They're tossed, 'twixt joy and strife.

We spoke of distant countries
From North to South that range,
Of strange phantastic nations,
And their customs quaint and strange.

The Ganges is flooded with splendour,
And perfumes waft through the air,
And gentle people are kneeling
To Lotos flowers fair.

In Lapland the people are dirty,
Flat-headed, large-mouthed, and small;
They squat round the fire, and frying
Their fishes, they shout and they squall.

The girls all gravely listened,
Not a word was spoken at last;
The ship we could see no longer,
Darkness was settling so fast.

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

Du schönes Fischermädchen.

You lovely fisher-maiden,
Bring now the boat to land:
Come here and sit beside me,
We'll prattle hand in hand.

Your head lay on my bosom,
Nor be afraid of me:
Do you not trust all fearless
Daily the great wild sea?

My heart is like the sea, dear,
Has storm, and ebb, and flow,
And many purest pearl-gems
Within its dim depth glow.

JAMES THOMSON.

Der Mond ist aufgegangen.

THE moon is fully risen,
And shineth o'er the sea;
And I embrace my darling,
Our hearts are swelling free.

In the arms of the lovely maiden
I lie alone on the strand;—
"What sounds in the breezes sighing?
Why trembles your white hand?"

"That is no breezes sighing,
That is the mermaiden's song,
The singing of my sisters
Whom the sea hath drowned so long."

JAMES THOMSON.

Eingehüllt in graue Wolken.

ALL in grey clouds closely muffled,
Now the high gods sleep together,
And I listen to their snoring,
Here below 'tis stormy weather.

Stormy weather, raging tempest
Soon the helpless vessel shatters—
Who these furious winds can bridle?
Who can curb the lordless waters?

I can ne'er control the tempest,
Over deck and masthead sweeping;
I will wrap me in my mantle,
And will sleep as gods are sleeping.

EMMA LAZARUS.

Der Wind zieht seine Hosen an.

THE Wind comes raving, his storm-boots white
Tugs on the fiery old fellow!
He flogs the billows with all his might,
They howl and bluster and bellow.

From gloomy heavens with furious force
Wild gusts of rain come roaring:
As if old Night, as she pours and pours,
Would drown old Ocean pouring.

The sea-gull clings to the cross-tree there,
And hoarsely shrieking and crying;
He flutters, and seems in shrill despair,
Some evil prophesying.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

Der Sturm spielt auf zum Tanze.

THE storm tunes up for dancing,
With whistle and sough and roar,
Hurrah! how the good ship capers,
Night lustily takes the floor.

Live ranges of water-mountains
Are shaped by the raging sea,
Here yawning in black abysses,
There towering white on our lee.

What cursing, puking, and praying
In reeks from the cabin come;
I hug the mast like a lover,
And wish myself safe at home.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

Wenn ich an Deinem Hause.

As I each day in the morning
Pass by that house of thine,
It gives me joy, thou darling,
When you at the window shine.

Your dark brown eyes they ask me,
As only sweet eyes can:
Who art thou, and what ails thee,
Thou sick and foreign man?

"I am a German poet,
Well known beyond the Rhine;
When men the best names mention,
Be sure they mention mine.

"And what ails me, thou darling,
Ails many beyond the Rhine;
When men the worst woes mention,
Be sure they mention mine."

JAMES THOMSON.

Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus.

THE broad expanse of ocean shone
As evening's light was closing,
We sat in the fisherman's cottage lone,
Still and alone reposing.

The clouds soared high, the waters swelled,
To and fro the gulls were skimming,
And rising tears that ceaseless welled
Thy love-lit eyes were dimming.

Upon thy hand I saw them fall,
And on my knee low sinking,
From thy white hand the teardrops all
I caught, with rapture drinking.

My body since that hour doth fade,
Desire my soul is killing;
In me the tears of the hapless maid
A lingering death distilling.

"STRATHEIR."

Am fernen Horizonte.

UPON the far horizon
Like a picture of the mist,
Appears the towered city,
By the twilight shadows kissed.

The moist soft breezes ripple
Our boat's wake grey and dark,
With mournful measured cadence
The boatsman rows my bark.

The sun from clouds outshining,
Lights up once more the coast;
The very spot it shows me
Where she I loved was lost.

EMMA LAZARUS.

Still ist die Nacht, es ruh'n die Gassen.

THE quiet night broods over roof-tree and steeple;
Within this house dwelt my treasure rare;
'Tis long since she left this town and its people,
But the house stands still on the self-same square.

Here too stands a man ; towards heaven he gazes,
And he wrings his hands with a wild despair ;
I shudder with awe when his face he raises,—
For the moonlight shows me mine own self there.

Oh, pale sad creature ! My ghost, my double,
Why dost thou ape my passion and tears,
That haunted me here with such cruel trouble,
So many a night in the olden years ?

EMMA LAZARUS.

Wie kannst du ruhig schlafen.

How canst thou sleep so softly,
And know I am alive?
My ancient wrath returneth,
And then my bondage I rive.

Dost know the old, old legend :
How once a lover dead
Fetched down to the grave his sweetheart,
At the hour of midnight dread ?

Fairest of maids, believe me,
Thou sweetest, too, by far,
I am alive, and stronger
Than any dead men are !

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

Die Jungfrau schläft in der Kammer.

THE maiden sleeps in her chamber,
Where the trembling moonbeams glance ;
Without, there singeth and ringeth
The melody of a dance.

"I will look just once from the window,
To see who breaks my rest."
A skeleton fiddles before her,
And sings like one possessed.

"To dance with me you promised,
And you have broken your vow;
To-night is a ball in the churchyard,
Come out and dance with me now."

The music bewitches the maiden;
Forth from her home doth she go;
She follows the bony fiddler,
Who sings as he scrapes his bow.

He fiddles and hops and dances,
And rattles his bones as he plays,
His skull nods grimly and strangely
In the clear moonlight's rays.

EMMA LAZARUS.

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen.

I GAZED upon her picture,
My bosom dark with strife,
And her beloved features
Kindled to secret life.

Around her lips there trembled
A smile so sweet, so dear,
While drops of dewy sadness
Within her eyes shone clear.

And mine were also streaming
With teardrops wild and wet—
And oh, I cannot believe it,
That I have lost you yet!

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

Ich unglückselʼger Atlas! eine Welt.

I, MISERABLE Atlas, a whole world
Am doomed to bear, the whole vast world of sorrows;
I bear things most unbearable, and breaking
I feel the heart within me.

Ay, thou proud heart, thou hast indeed thy will!
Thou wouldst be happy, infinitely happy
Or infinitely wretched, poor proud heart,
And now thou art most wretched.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

Mir träumte: traurig schaute der Mond.

THE moon was dim, and each kindly star
Shone down with a mournful ray;
I dream'd that I came to my true love's town,
Hundreds of miles away.

I dream'd that I came to the very house,
And kiss'd the steps of the door,
That the hem of her robe, and her tiny feet,
Had hallowed for evermore.

The night was long, the night was cold,
And cold was the threshold stone;
Her pale sad face to the window came,
And on it the pale moon shone.

JOHN E. WALLIS.

Was will die einsame Thräne.

WHAT will this tear so lonely?
It does but dim my sight;
A pledge of days departed,
It linger'd till to-night.

It once had brilliant sisters,
But all of them are gone;
With all my joys and sorrows,
In night and storm they've flown,

I've seen like misty shadows
The azure stars depart,
That smiled those joys and sorrows
Deep in my longing heart.

My love itself has vanished,
Flown like a passing dream;
Thou tear, so old and lonely,
'Tis time to do the same.

JOHN E. WALLIS.

Der bleiche, herbstliche Halbmond.

THE pale half-moon of autumn
Through clouds peers doubtfully;
Within the lonely churchyard
The parsonage I see.

The mother reads in her Bible,
The son at the light doth gaze,
One drowsy daughter is nodding,
While another speaks and says:

"Ah me! how dreary the days are!
How dull and dark and mean!
Only when there's a funeral
Is anything to be seen."

The mother looks up from her Bible:
"Nay, only four in all
Have died since thy father was buried
Without, by the churchyard wall."

Then yawns the eldest daughter:
"I will starve no longer here,
I will go to the Count to-morrow,
He is rich, and he loves me dear."

The son bursts out a-laughing:
"At the 'Star' three huntsmen drink deep,
They are making gold, and they promise
To give me their secret to keep."

Toward his lean face flings the mother
Her Bible, in wrath and grief:
"Out! God-forsaken beggar,
Thou wilt be a common thief!"

They hear a tap on the window,
And behold a beckoning hand;
There in his sable vestments
They see their dead father stand.

EMMA LAZARUS.

Man glaubt dass ich mich gräme.

THEY think my heart is breaking,
In sorrow's bitter yoke;
I, too, begin to think it,
As well as other folk.

Thou large-eyed little darling,
Do I not always say
I love thee past all telling—
Love gnaws my heart away?

But only in my chamber
I dare express my pain;
For always in thy presence
Quite silent I remain.

For there were evil angels
Who sealed my lips so close;
And oh, from evil angels
Sprang all my wretched woes.

EMMA LAZARUS.

Deine weissen Lilienfinger.

YOUR white slender lily fingers,
Oh, if I once more could kiss them,
And could press them to my heart,
And then swoon in silent weeping!

Your clear violet eyes are ever
Ever present, day and night;
What may mean, I ask for ever,
What may mean those sweet blue riddles?

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

Hat sie sich denn nie geäussert.

HAS she never, then, given token
How she takes your vows and sighs?
Could you never read requital
Of your passion in her eyes?

Through her eyes, friend, could you never
To her soul an entrance find?
Yet you never were a noodle
In affairs of such a kind.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

Sie liebten sich Beide, doch Keiner.

THEY loved one another, but neither
Confessed a word thereof;
They met with coldest glances,
Though pining away with love.

At last they parted; their spirits
Met but in visions rare;
They are long since dead and buried,
Though scarcely themselves aware.

EMMA LAZARUS.

Und als ich Euch meine Schmerzen geklagt.

AND when I lamented my cruel lot,
You yawned in my face, and answered me not;
But now that I set it in daintiest rhyme,
You flourish my trumpet all the time

EMMA LAZARUS.

Ich rief den Teufel und er kam.

I CALLED the Devil and he came,
To view him with wonder I began.
He is not ugly, and is not lame,
Far from it, he is a charming man,
A man in the vigour still of his years,
A man of the world and polite he appears.
His talent is as diplomatist great,
He speaks right well upon Church and State.
No wonder he's pale and wrinkled his brow,
Since Sanscrit and Hegel he studies now;
His favourite poet is Fouqué still.
In criticism he does no more,
He hath abandoned for evermore
To his grandam Hecate the critic's quill.
He was glad my studies in law to view,
'Twas once his favourite study too.
My friendship could not be, he said,
Too dear for him, then nodded his head,
And asked if we had not once before,
At the Spanish ambassador's, seen each other;
And when I looked at his face once more,
I found we already knew one another.

ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

Mensch, verspotte nicht den Teufel.

MORTAL! sneer not at the Devil:
Soon thy little life is o'er;
And eternal grim damnation
Is no idle tale of yore.

Mortal! pay the debts thou owest:
Long 'twill be ere life is o'er;
Many a time thou yet must borrow,
As thou oft hast done before.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Die heil'gen drei Könige aus Morgenland.

THE holy three Kings from the Morning-Land
Still asked in sorrowful cadence:
"Oh, which is the way to Bethlehem,
Ye beautiful youths and maidens?"

The old nor the young they knew not the way,
The Kings fared further, weary;
They followed, followed a golden star
That shone for them bright and cheery.

The star stood still over Joseph's house,
They entered with wistful faces,
The oxen bellowed, the Babe it cried,
The holy three Kings sang praises.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

Mein Kind, wir waren Kinder.

MY child, we were two children,
Small, merry by childhood's law;
We used to creep to the henhouse,
And hide ourselves in the straw.

We crowed like cocks, and whenever
The passers near us drew—
"Cock-a-doodle!" they thought
'Twas a real cock that crew.

The boxes about our courtyard
We carpeted to our mind,
And lived there both together—
Kept house in a noble kind.

The neighbour's old cat often
Came to pay us a visit;
We made her a bow and courtesy,
Each with a compliment in it.

After her health we asked,
Our care and regard to evince—
(We have made the very same speeches
To many an old cat since).

We also sat and wisely
Discoursed, as old folks do,
Complaining how all went better
In those good old times we knew;—

How love, and truth, and believing
Had left the world to itself,
And how so dear was the coffee,
And how so rare was the pelf.

The children's games are over,
The rest is over with youth—
The world, the good games, the good times,
The belief, and the love, and the truth.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Das Herz ist mir bedrückt, und sehnlich.

My heart is heavy ; from the present
It yearns towards those old days again,
When still the world seemed fair and pleasant,
And men lived happy, free from pain.

Now all things seem at six and sevens,
A scramble, and a constant dread ;
Dead is the Lord God in the heavens,
Below us is the Devil dead.

And all folks sad and mournful moving,
Wear such a cold, cross, anxious face ;
Were there not still a little loving,
There would not be a resting-place.

EMMA LAZARUS.

Wie der Mond sich leuchtend dränget.

As the moon bursts forth in splendour
From the clouds that gloom it o'er,
Thus there starts a radiant vision
Forth from troubled times of yore.

On the deck again we're sitting,
Down the Rhine we proudly flow,
And the deep rich banks of summer
In the evening's sunset glow.

At my lady's feet reclining,
Pondering dreamily I lay,
O'er her pale beloved features
Golden-threaded sunbeams play.

Music ringing, boys were singing,
Strange sweet joy on every side!
Deeper grew the vault of heaven,
And the soul expanded wide.

Fairy-like each passed before me,
Mountain, wood, and castle high;
And I saw it all reflected
In my lady's beauteous eye.

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

Im Traum sah ich die Geliebte.

I SAW in a dream the loved one,
All withered and fallen away;
A sorrowful care-worn woman,
The maid so blooming and gay.

She bore a babe at her bosom,
And one of her hand had hold;
Her face and her dress and her bearing
Of sorrows and poverty told.

She met me, as over the market
Her faltering way she took,
And gazed upon me, while calmly
And mournfully thus I spoke:—

"Come with me at once to my dwelling,
Thou art pale and ready to sink;
With the work of my hands I'll endeavour
To earn for thee food and drink.

"I'll willingly keep and care for
Thy innocent babes so mild:
But thee before every other,—
Thou poor unfortunate child!

"And never, I promise, before thee
Shall a word of my love be said;
But I'll visit the grave where thou liest,
And weep for thee when thou art dead."

J. E. WALLIS.

Theurer Freund! was soll es nützen.

"WORTHY friend, how can it help you,
Still these stale old songs to fashion?
Wilt thou sit for ever brooding
O'er the addled eggs of passion?

"Why, it's one eternal hatching!
From the shells the chickens shake them:
And they chirp about and flutter,
And straight in a book you bake them."

J. E. WALLIS.

Werdet nur nicht ungeduldig.

Do not thou be so impatient,
If the thought of ancient pains
Somewhat prominently mingles
Even with my newest strains.

Wait, and soon these dying echoes
Of my woe shall cease to ring;
And my heart with songs shall blossom
Bright as in a second spring.

J. E. WALLIS.

Herz, mein Herz, sei nicht beklommen.

HEART, my heart, yield not to sadness;
Be submissive to thy fate;
And spring restoreth—only wait—
All that winter steals from gladness.

Think but how much there still is left thee,
Think but how fair the world is still;
Heart, my heart, befall what will,
Love can never be bereft thee.

ERNEST RADFORD.

Du bist wie eine Blume.

E'EN as a lovely flower,
So fair, so pure thou art;
I gaze on thee, and sadness
Comes stealing o'er my heart.

My hands I fain had folded
Upon thy soft brown hair,
Praying that God may keep thee
So lovely, pure, and fair.

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

Kind! es wäre Dein Verderben.

MAIDEN, it would be thy ruin,
And I strive most earnestly
To prevent thy gentle bosom
Ever feeling love for me.

But that this should be so easy
Rather hurts me, I confess;
And I ne'er the less would like it,
Wouldst thou love me ne'er the less.

J. E. WALLIS.

Wenn ich auf dem Lager liege.

WHEN on my couch reclining,
Buried in pillows and night,
There hovers then before me
A form of grace and light.

As soon as quiet slumber
Has closed my weary eyes,
Then softly does the image
Within my dream arise.

But with my dream at morning,
It never fades away;
For in my heart I bear it
Through all the livelong day.

EMMA LAZARUS.

Mädchen mit dem rothen Mündchen.

LASSIE, with the lips sae rosy,
With the eyne sae saft and bricht,
Dear wee lassie, I keep thinkin',
Thinkin' on thee day and nicht.

Winter nichts are lang and eerie;
Oh, gin I were with thee, dear,
Arms about thee, cracking couthly,
With nae mortal by to hear!

With my kisses I would smother
Thy white hand sae jimp and sma',
And my tears for very rapture
On that wee white hand should fa'.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

Verrieth mein blasses Angesicht:

DID not my pallid cheek betray
My love's unhappy fate?
And wilt thou force my haughty lips
To beg and supplicate?

Oh, far too haughty are these lips,
They can but kiss and jest,
They'd speak perchance a scornful word
While my heart breaks in my breast.

EMMA LAZARUS.

Theurer Freund, Du bist verliebt.

WORTHY friend, thou art in love,
Wounded by a recent dart;
All grows darker in thy head,
All grows lighter in thy heart.

Worthy friend, thou art in love,
And 'tis vain to answer no,
When I see the amorous flame
Through your very waistcoat glow.

J. E. WALLIS.

Saphire sind die Augen dein.

TWO sapphires those dear eyes of thine,
Soft as the skies above thee;
Thrice happy is the man to whom
Those dear eyes say: "I love thee."

A diamond is thy heart that gleams
With rays of purest fire;
Thrice happy is the man for whom
It glows with love's desire.

Two rubies are those lips of thine,
Unrivalled in fresh glory;
Thrice happy is the man to whom
They whisper their love story.

Could I but find that lucky man,
But meet that happy lover—
Meet him alone in some dark wood,—
His joy would soon be over. . .

ALMA STRETTELL,
Selections from Heine.

Habe mich mit Liebesreden.

I WITH loving ditties angled
For thy heart in playful sort,
And, in my own mesh entangled,
Earnest now becomes my sport.

But when thou, with playful titter,
From my passion justly turnest—
Fiends of hell my soul embitter,
And I shoot myself in earnest.

JULIAN FANE.

Zu fragmentarisch ist Welt und Leben.

THIS world and this life are so scattered, they try me,
And so to a German professor I'll hie me.
He can well put all the fragments together
Into a system convenient and terse;
While with his night-cap and dressing-robe tatters
He'll stop up the chinks of the wide Universe.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Ich hab' mir lang den Kopf zerbrochen.

LONG through my racked and weary brain
Did endless thoughts and dreams revolve,
But now thy lovely eyes, my dear,
Have brought me to a firm resolve.

Within their radiance wise and kind,
Where'er thine eyes shine, I remain—
I could not have believed it true
That I should ever love again.

EMMA LAZARUS.

Sie haben heut' Abend Gesellschaft.

THEY have company this evening,
And the house is full of light;
Up there at the shining window
Moves a shadowy form in white.

Thou seest me not—in the darkness
I stand here below, apart;
Yet less, ah! less thou seest
Into my gloomy heart.

My gloomy heart it loves thee,
It loves thee in every spot;
It breaks, it bleeds, it shudders—
But thou, thou seest it not.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Ich wollt' meine Schmerzen ergössen.

I WOULD that my love and its sadness
Might a single word convey,
The joyous breezes should bear it,
And merrily waft it away.

They should waft it to thee, beloved,
This soft and wailful word,
At every hour thou shouldst hear it,
Where'er thou art 'twould be heard.

And when in the night's first slumber
Thine eyes scarce closing seem,
Still should my word pursue thee
Into thy deepest dream.

"STRATHEIR."

Du hast Diamanten und Perlen.

DIAMONDS hast thou and pearls,
And all by which men set store,
And of eyes hast thou the finest—
Darling, what wouldst thou more

Upon thine eyes so lovely
Have I a whole army-corps
Of undying songs constructed—
Darling, what wouldst thou more?

And with thine eyes so lovely,
Hast thou tortured me very sore,
And hast ruined me altogether—
Darling, what wouldst thou more?

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Wer zum ersten Male liebt.

HE who for the first time loves,
E'en rejected, is a god;
But who loves a second time
Unrequited, is a fool.

Such a fool am I in loving
Once again with no return!
Sun and moon and stars are laughing,
I am laughing too—and dying.

EMMA LAZARUS.

Diesen liebenswürdigen Jüngling.

WHO could hold in too much honour
This most amiable young fellow?
He to oysters often treats me,
With liqueurs and Rhine-wine mellow.

Smart his coat, and smart his trousers,
Smarter still the scarf adorning
His fair neck; he comes to ask me
How I'm feeling every morning.

Of my wide renown he tells me,
Of my wit, my charm of manner,
While to serve me and befriend me
He's the most untiring planner.

He creates at evening parties
'Mongst the ladies a sensation,
Ranting my divinest poems
With his air of inspiration.

Oh to find such nice young fellows
Extant still, should rapture kindle
In these times of ours, when daily
More and more all good things dwindle!

JOHN TODHUNTER.

Mir träumt': ich bin der liebe Gott.

I DREAMT I was the Lord Himself,
Throned up in heaven so grandly,
With sweet young angels round my throne,
Who praised my verses blandly.

And cakes I ate, and comfits, too,
By crownsworths, day by day there ;
With cardinal I washed them down,
And not a groat to pay there.

But sheer *ennui* it plagued me sore,
I longed on earth to revel,
And were I not the Lord Himself,
Had gone straight to the devil.

" Thou long-legged angel Gabriel,
Put on thy boots directly ;
Seek me my gossip dear, Eugene,
But, mark me, circumspectly.

" Don't look for him in lecture-rooms,
But where Tokay inspires ;
Don't look for him in Hedwig's church,
But snug at Mam'selle Meyer's."

Swift he unfurls his pair of wings,
And down from heaven he flings him,
Picks up my friend, my dear old pal,
And back to heaven he brings him.

" Ay, lad, I am the Lord Himself,
The whole world owns my sway, man !
I always told thee I should turn
Respectable some day, man.

" And every morn some miracle
I'll work for thy impressing ;
And for thy sport I'll pour to-day
Upon Berlin my blessing.

"The paving-stones in every street
Shall split, the town all over,
And lo! an oyster fresh and clear
Shall every stone discover.

"A rain of fresh-squeezed lemon-juice
Shall daintily bedew them,
The very kennels, rare old Hock
Shall run like water through them."

How all Berlin comes out to browse,
With hearts in joyous flutter!
The gentry of the county courts
Lap wine from every gutter.

How gleefully the poets rush
This feast for gods to eat up!
Lieutenants eke with ensigns troop
To lick the very street up.

The ensigns and lieutenants, though,
Are shrewdest in the mellay;
They know that every day can't work
Such wonders for their belly.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

Wie dunkle Träume stehen.

LIKE gloomy dreams are standing
The houses in long-drawn row;
Close in my mantle shrouded.
Silently past I go.

From the cathedral tower
Twelve slow reverberates,
And with her caresses and kisses
My darling for me waits.

The moon my steps is guiding,
And her friendly light she flings,
And now as I reach her dwelling
My joyful voice loud rings:

"I thank thee, my olden comrade,
That thou o'er my path hast shone;
And now a farewell I bid thee,
The rest of the world shine on!

And if thou findest a lover
Who lone o'er his sorrows doth sigh,
Console him as thou, too, hast often
Consoled me in days gone by."

"STRATHEIR."

Und bist Du erst mein eh'lich Weib.

WHEN you become my wedded wife,
You'll be my envied treasure;
You'll have the very merriest life,
With nothing but joy and pleasure.

And if the very devil you raise,
I'll bear it in silent sorrow;
But if you fail my verse to praise,
I'll be divorced o' the morrow.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

An Deine schneeweisse Schulter.

LAID on thy snow-white shoulder
My head is at rest;
And I listen,—and know the unquiet
Desire of thy breast.

The gorgeous hussars have stormed it,
And entered without strife;
And, to-morrow, a woman will leave me
That I love as my life.

What tho' in the morning she leave me,
To-night she is mine,—
My head is at rest on her shoulder,
And her snow-white arms entwine.

ERNEST RADFORD.

In den Küssen welche Lüge.

AH, what lies the kisses cover!
In their seeming, ah, what bliss!
Sweet 'tis to delude a lover,
Sweeter the delusion is!

Spite thy protestations, fairest,
I can tell what thou'lt receive!
I'll believe in all thou swearest,
And I'll swear all thou'lt believe.

ERNEST RADFORD.

Bist Du wirklich mir so feindlich.

And art thou indeed so unloving,
And art thou for ever estranged;
I'll bemoan to the world thy treatment,
Now thou art changed.

Ye thankless red lips! Tell me—
Can you utter harsh words in dispraise
Of him who kissed you so fondly
In happier days?

ERNEST RADFORD.

Ach, die Augen sind es wieder.

Ah! those eyes again that thrilled me
Once, and brightened all my going;
And those lips, that once with sweetness
Filled my life to overflowing!

And that voice, too! But to hear it,
Once my very soul has faltered!
They are still the same I left them—
I, the wanderer, I am altered.

With her fair white arms around me
Clasped in passionate devotion,
Now against my heart I hold her,
Cold and dead to all emotion.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

Kaum sahen wir uns, und an Augen und Stimme.

YOUR eyes, your voice, when first we met each other
Told me we might be friends ; and I declare
That, had we not been standing by your mother,
We should have kissed each other then and there.

And yet to-morrow morning I must leave you,
To hasten onward in the weary track ;
And you, fair child, will watch for me to give you
A kindly parting glance as I look back.

ALMA STRETTELL,
Selections from Heine.

Ueber die Berge steigt schon die Sonne.

LO ! on the mountains the sunbeam's first kiss !
The bells of the herd ring afar on the plain ;
My darling, my lambkin, my sun and my bliss,
Oh, fain would I see thee and greet thee again !

I gaze on thy windows with curious eyes—
Farewell, dearest child, I must vanish for thee,
In vain ! for the curtain moves not—there she lies,
There slumbers she still—and dreams about me !

EMMA LAZARUS.

Dämmernd liegt der Sommerabend.

DIMLY sinks the summer evening
Over wood and over meadow ;
And the golden moon shines radiant,
Balm diffusing, from the azure.

By the brook sings loud the cricket,
And the water clear is troubled,
And you hear a gentle plashing,
A soft breathing through the stillness.

By the brook, alone, see yonder,
Where doth bathe the lovely Nixie;
Arms and bosom, white and dazzling,
Gleaming in the moon's pale silver.

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

Nacht liegt auf den fremden Wegen.

NIGHT lies on the silent highways,
Sick my heart, my limbs how weary;—
Then like gentle balm descendeth,
Moon, thy soft light on me dreary.

Gentle moon, all dread nocturnal
With thy sweet light thou dost banish;
And mine eyes with tears well over,
And my torments melt and vanish.

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

Der Tod das ist die kühle Nacht.

O DEATH! thou art the cooling night;
O Life! thou art the sultry day:
It darkens, and I slumber—
I am wearied with the light.

Over my head is a tree, to my seeming,
And in it a nightingale sings;
It singeth of nought but love—
I can hear it amidst my dreaming.

J. SNODGRASS.

Sag', wo ist Dein schönes Liebchen.

"SAY, where is the maiden sweet,
Whom you once so sweetly sung,
When the flames of mighty heat
Filled your heart and fired your tongue?"

Ah, those flames no longer burn,
Cold and drear the heart that fed;
And this book is but the urn
Of the ashes of love dead.

JAMES THOMSON.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS.

THE May is here with all its golden gleams,
Its silky breezes, and its spicy odours;
Kindly it beckons with its snowy blooms,
Greets us from countless azure violet eyes,
Spreads a green carpet out, begemm'd with flowers,
Dappled with sunshine and with morning dew,
And calls on earth's dear sons to come abroad.
To her first call they, simple folk, give ear.
The men put on their breeches of nankin,
And Sunday coats, with buttons golden-bright;

In innocent white the women robe themselves;
The young men trim moustachios still in bud;
The girls allow their bosoms fuller play;
The poets of the town their pockets fill
With paper, pencil, and field-glass: and so
The giddy throng make for the gate with shouts,
And camp outside upon the verdant grass,
Marvel how busily the trees do grow,
Play with the delicate many-tinted flowers,
List to the carols of the sportive birds,
And shout aloft to the blue vault of heaven.

The May came to me also. At my door
Thrice did she knock and cry, "I am the May!
Thou pale-faced dreamer, I will kiss thee! Come!"
I kept my door close bolted, and cried out:
"In vain thou lurest me, thou ill-starred guest;
I have seen through thee, ay, seen through and through
The fabric of the world, have seen too much,
And far too deeply,—all my joy is flown,
And ceaseless pangs have seized upon my heart.
I look right through the hard and stony husks
Of human houses and of human hearts,
And see in both lies, and deceit and woe.
Upon men's faces I can read their thoughts—
Bad, many. In the maiden's blush of shame
I see the throbbing of concealed desire;
Upon the young enthusiast's haughty head
I see the motley jester's cap and bells;
And on the earth I see but shapes grotesque
And sickly phantoms, and I know not if
It be a madhouse or a hospital.
I look down to the base of the old earth,
As though it were of crystal, and I see

The ghastly things that with her gladsome green
May vainly strives to hide. I see the dead;
Penn'd in their narrow coffins low they lie
With folded hands, with vacant staring eyes,
And through their lips the yellow blind-worms crawl.
I see the son, his paramour with him,
Sit down for pastime on his father's grave;
The nightingales sing mocking songs around;
The gentle meadow-flowers grin bitter scorn;
Within his grave the sleeping father stirs,
And spasms of pain convulse old mother earth.

Thou hapless earth, thy miseries I know!
I see the fever raging in thy breast;
I see thee bleeding from a thousand veins;
I see thy wounds, how they burst wide agape,
And from them flames gush out, and smoke, and blood.
I see thy all-defying giant sons,
Primeval brood, from dusky chasms ascending,
And swinging flaming torches in their hands.
They fix their iron ladders, and dash up
Madly to storm the citadel of heaven;
And swarthy dwarfs climb after them, and all
The golden stars above crash into dust.
With reckless hands they tear the golden curtain
From God's own tent; the angel-hosts fall down
Upon their faces with a piercing cry;
Upon His throne God sits, pale, ashy pale,
Plucks from His head the diadem, tears His hair;
Near, and more near, the rabble rout sweeps on;
The giants hurl their blazing brands afar
Through the vast firmament; the dwarfs with thongs
Of quick flame scourge the angels where they lie,
Who writhe and cower in agonies of pain,

And by the hair are dragg'd perforce away :
And mine own angel 'mongst the rest I see,
With his fair locks and gracious lineaments,
With love that cannot die about his lips,
And in his azure eyes the calm of bliss ;—
And a black goblin, hideous to the sight,
Snatches him up, that angel pale of mine,
Eyes over with a grin his noble limbs,
Clutches him tight with a caressing gripe—
Then rings a wild shriek through the universe ;
The pillars topple, earth and heaven collapse,
And ancient Night resumes her ghastly reign.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

RATCLIFF.

THE Dream-God brought me to a rural scene,
Where weeping willows waved a welcome to me
With all their long green arms, and where the flowers
With shrewd, sweet sister-glances still observed me,
Where the birds' songs seemed known long, long ago,
And even the distant barking of the dogs
Was something heard before in sweet old times ;
And there were forms and voices kindly greeting,
Like a long-absent friend ; yet all around me
Did seem so strange, so wonderfully strange !
I stood before a handsome inland dwelling,
And all my brain was calm, though in my bosom
There was a wild commotion ; yet quite calm
I shook the dust out of my travelling garments,
Harsh rang the door-bell, and the door unclosed.

And there were men and women,—many faces
Known in the olden time. A silent sorrow
Lay with a shy and secret terror on them,
And, strangely moved, they looked almost with pity
Upon me, until I myself was moved
As with foreboding of an unknown evil.
Old Margaret I knew at the first glance,
And looked inquiringly; and yet she spoke not.
"Where is Maria?" I asked; and still she spoke not,
But gently took my hand, at length, and led me,
Through many a long and lighted-up apartment,
Where a dead silence tempered pomp and pride,
Until I came unto a darkened chamber,
And showed me, with her face all turned away,
The form of one who on the sofa sat.
"Are you Maria?" I asked, and inwardly
I was myself astonished at the firmness
With which I spoke. Like stone or metal
There rang a voice: "That is what people call me."
A cutting agony froze through my veins,
For that cold, hollow tone was still the voice—
Or what had been the sweet voice—of Maria!
Yes, and that woman, in tasteless lilac gown
Cast on so slovenly, with hanging breasts,
With staring, glassy eyes, with every muscle
Of the white face so leather-like and dead—
That wretched, faded form was once the fair,
The blooming, gentle, beautiful Maria.
"You have been travelling long," she cried, aloud,
And with a cold, unpleasant forwardness:
"You don't seem quite so loving, my good friend;
You are in health, and those firm loins and calves
Show a good solid state." A sweetish smile
Then flitted round her pale and yellow mouth.

In my confusion there escaped the words,
"They tell me you are married." "Yes,—it's true,"
She said, indifferently, and with a smile:
"I've got a wooden stick in leather cased
Which calls itself a husband!—Lord!—but wood
Is wood, and nothing else." And then she laughed
Harshly and contradictingly, till I
Felt a cold terror running through my soul,
And the doubt seized on me—Are *those* the lips,
The virgin-blossom lips, of my Maria?
But then she rose in haste, and quickly caught
Her Cashmere from a chair, and cast it on
Around her neck, then hung her on my arm,
And through the open door she led the way
Through field and grove and glen, and ever on.

The crimson-glowing disk of the late sun
Was sweeping down, flashing a purple dream
Upon the trees and flowers and the fair stream
Which far away majestically flowed.
"See how the great gold eye is shimmering
In the blue water!" cried Maria, in haste.
"Be silent, you poor creature!" I replied,
Seeing unearthly shades in the dim light:
Strange cloudy forms winding in fairy wise
Were flitting dreamily above the fields,
Ever with soft white spirit arms embracing;
And tenderly the violets looked on them,
While all the lily-cups waved down together;
Voluptuous heat in all the roses glowed,
The pinks seemed flaming in their very breath,
And all the flowers were flushed with strong perfume,
And all of them in amorous rapture wept,
And all of them cried out, "O Love, Love, Love!"

The butterflies came fluttering, and the bright
Gold-beetles hummed their droning elfin lay;
The evening breezes rustled, and the oaks
Whispered, while melting sang the nightingale;
And, 'mid the whispering, rustling, singing sounds,
With cold, unmusical, metallic voice
The faded woman chattered at my side:
"I know your deeds by night up in the castle.
The slender shadow's a good-natured thing,
That nods assent to everything you will,
And Blue Coat! he's an angel; but the Red,
With a bare sword, hates you with all his heart."
And many other strangely-mingled words
She chattered without pause, and then sat down,
Wearied, beside me, on the mossy bench
Which stands so low beneath the old oak-tree.

And there we sat together, sad and still.
Each looked on each, and either sadder grew.
The oak-tree rustled as with dying sighs;
In agony the nightingale sang down.
But a red light came shining through the leaves,
And, flickering, flashed across her cold white face,
Awaking a strange glow in the glassy eyes,
And with the old sweet voice again she spoke:
"How did you know my fearful misery?"
"I read it lately in your wild sad songs."

An icy coldness crept through all my breast;
At my own madness I was terrified,
Which made of me a seer. Darkness rushed in;
And, in my horror, I awoke from sleep.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

DONNA CLARA.

In the evening through her garden
Wanders the Alcade's daughter;
Festal sounds of drums and trumpets
Ring out hither from the castle.

"I am weary of the dances,
Honeyed words of adulation
From the knights who still compare me
To the sun, with dainty phrases.

"Yes, of all things I am weary,
Since I first beheld by moonlight,
Him, my cavalier, whose zither
Nightly draws me to my casement.

"As he stands so slim and daring,
With his flaming eyes that sparkle
From his noble pallid features,
Truly, he St. George resembles."

Thus went Donna Clara dreaming,
On the ground her eyes were fastened;
When she raised them, lo! before her
Stood the handsome knightly stranger.

Pressing hands and whispering passion,
These twain wander in the moonlight.
Gently doth the breeze caress them,
The enchanted roses greet them.

The enchanted roses greet them,
And they glow like love's own heralds;
"Tell me, tell me, my Belovèd,
Wherefore all at once thou blushest."

"Gnats were stinging me, my darling,
And I hate these gnats in summer,
E'en as though they were a rabble
Of vile Jews with long hooked noses."

"Heed not gnats or Jews, Belovèd,"
Spake the knight with fond endearments.
From the almond-tree dropped downward
Myriad snowy flakes and blossoms.

Myriad snowy flakes and blossoms
Shed around them fragrant odours:
"Tell me, tell me, my Belovèd,
Looks thy heart on me with favour?"

"Yes, I love thee, O my darling,
And I swear it by our Saviour,
Whom the accursèd Jews did murder
Long ago with wicked malice."

"Heed thou neither Jews nor Saviour,"
Spake the knight with fond endearments;
Far off waved as in a vision
Gleaming lilies bathed in moonlight.

Gleaming lilies bathed in moonlight
Seemed to watch the stars above them:—
"Tell me, tell me, my Belovèd,
Didst thou not erewhile swear falsely?"

"Nought is false in me, my darling,
E'en as in my bosom floweth
Not a drop of blood that's Moorish,
Neither of foul Jewish current."

"Heed not Moors nor Jews, Belovèd,"
Spake the knight with fond endearments;
Then towards a grove of myrtles
Leads he the Alcade's daughter.

And with love's slight subtle meshes,
He hath trapped her and entangled;
Brief their words, but long their kisses,
For their hearts are overflowing.

What a melting bridal carol
Sings the nightingale, the pure one!
How the fire-flies in the grasses
Trip their sparkling, torchlight dances!

In the grove the silence deepens;
Nought is heard save furtive rustling
Of the swaying myrtle branches,
And the breathing of the flowers.

But the sound of drum and trumpet
Burst forth sudden from the castle;
Rudely they awaken Clara,
Pillowed on her lover's bosom.

"Hark, they summon me, my darling,
But before I go, oh tell me,
Tell me what thy precious name is,
Which so closely thou hast hidden."

And the knight, with gentle laughter,
Kissed the fingers of his Donna,
Kissed her lips and kissed her forehead,
And at last these words he uttered:

"I, Señora, your Belovèd,
Am the son of the respected
Worthy, erudite Grand Rabbi
Israel of Saragossa!"

EMMA LAZARUS.

ALMANSOR.

I.

IN Cordova's old cathedral
Thirteen hundred columns tower;
Thirteen hundred giant columns
Bear the cupola stupendous.

And on walls and dome and pillars,
Run in quaint design and tracery,
From the roof unto the basement
Passages from out the Koran.

Moorish monarchs whilom builded
This cathedral unto Allah
And his praise, but much has altered
In the vortex dark of ages.

On the tower where the warder
Called to prayer the Moslem Faithful,
Now the melancholy droning
Hum of Christian bells is ringing.

On the steps where the Believers
Sung the praises of the Prophet,
Now sleek tonsured priests are showing
Their stale Mass' mawkish marvel.

Lo, they wriggle and they posture
'Fore their puppets, painted, gaudy—
Incense, tinkling, quack and gabble—
And the foolish tapers twinkle.

In Cordova's old cathedral
Stands Almansor ben Abdullah,
Silent looks he on the pillars,
And the secret words he mutters:

"Oh, ye columns, strong and mighty,
Once adorned for praise of Allah,
Serving, now ye must do homage
To the Christian faith detested.

"If you're so accommodating,
And you bear your load in patience,
Why, the weaker one must surely
Likewise know how to conform him."

And behold, with smiling features,
Doth Almansor ben Abdullah,
O'er the font embellished, bend him,
In Cordova's old cathedral.

II.

Hastily he leaves the transept,
Sweeps away on his wild charger,
And his wet locks in the breezes,
And his hat's black plumes are flying.

On the way to Alkolea,
All along the Guadalquivir,
Where the almonds white are blowing,
And the orange, rich and yellow;

There doth hie the knight full cheerly,
Whistling, singing, laughing gaily,
And the birds around join chorus,
And the river's sounding waters.

In the halls of Alkolea
Dwelleth Clara of Alveras,
In Navarre fights now her father,
Less restraint she now enjoyeth.

From afar doth hear Almansor
Kettledrum and trumpet calling,
And he sees the castle's torches
Flashing through the trees' dark shadow.

In the halls of Alkolea
Dance twelve ladies, bright and beauteous,
Dance twelve handsome knights and gallant—
Best of all Almansor dances.

As tho' winged by buoyant spirits,
He around the room doth flutter,
And with words of sweetest flatt'ry
He doth whisper every lady.

The fair hands of Isabella
He doth kiss, away quick darting;
Then sits down before Elvira,
In her face full brightly gazing.

Laughing, he asks Leonora
Whether he to-day doth please her?
And he shows the golden crosses
Newly broidered in his mantle.

Lastly he assures each lady,
In his heart her image liveth :
And "as true as I'm a Christian,"
Swears he thirty times that evening.

III.

In the halls of Alkolea
Jest and laughter now are silent,
Vanished are the lords and ladies,
And the lights are all extinguished.

Donna Clara and Almansor
Are alone in the wide chamber ;
Lonely sheds the last dim taper
On the twain its mournful radiance.

On the settle sits the lady,
On a stool the knight before her,
And his head, with slumber heavy,
Rests upon her knees belovèd.

Oil of roses, from gold flasket,
Pours the lady, fond and anxious,
On the dark locks of Almansor—
And, behold, he sigheth deeply.

Sweetest kiss, with lips so tender,
Breathes the lady, fond and anxious,
On the dark locks of Almansor—
And, behold, his brow clouds over.

Brightest shower, from eyes so shining,
Weeps the lady, fond and anxious,
On the dark locks of Almansor—
And, behold, his lips they quiver.

And he dreams: again he's standing,
With bowed head all wet and dripping,
In Cordova's old cathedral,
And he hears dark voices many.

All the lofty giant columns
He hears muttering, grimly wrathful,
That they will not bear it longer,
And they tremble and they totter;—

And they fiercely crack and crumble,
Pale as death grow priest and people,
With wild crash the dome o'erwhelmeth,
And the Christian Gods moan wailing.

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

I.

THE mother stood at the window,
The son he lay in bed:
"Here's a procession, Wilhelm;
Wilt not look out?" she said.

"I am so ill, my mother,
In the world I have no part;
I think upon dead Gretchen,
And a death-pang rends my heart."

"Rise up, we will to Kevlaar,
Will book and rosary take:
God's Mother there will cure thee,
Thy sick heart whole will make."

The Church's banners floated,
The Church's hymns arose,
And unto fair Cöln city
The long procession goes.

The mother joined the pilgrims,
Her sick son leadeth she;
And both sing in the chorus:
"Gelobt seist Du, Marie!" *

II.

The Holy Mother, in Kevlaar,
To-day is well arrayed;
To-day hath much to busy her,
For many sick ask her aid.

And many sick people bring her
Such offerings as are meet;
Many waxen limbs they bring her,
Many waxen hands and feet.

And who a wax hand bringeth,
His hand is healed that day;
And who a wax foot bringeth,
With sound feet goes away.

Many went there on crutches,
Who now on the rope can spring;
Many play now on the viol,
Whose hands could not touch a string.

* Praised be thou, Mary.

The mother she took a waxen light,
And shaped therefrom a heart.
"Take that to the Mother of Christ," she said,
"And she will heal thy smart."

He sighed and took the waxen heart,
And went to the church in woe;
The tears from his eyes fell streaming,
The words from his heart came low.

"Thou that art highly blessed,
Thou Mother of Christ," said he,
"Thou who art Queen of Heaven!
I bring my griefs to thee.

"I dwell in Cöln with my mother,
In Cöln upon the Rhine,
Where so many hundred chapels,
And so many churches shine.

"And near unto us dwelt Gretchen,
But dead is Gretchen now.
Marie, I bring a waxen heart;
My heart's despair heal thou!

"Heal thou my sore heart-sickness,
So will I sing to thee,
Early and late, with fervent love,
Gelobt seist Du, Marie!"

III.

The sick son and the mother
In one chamber slept that night,
And the Holy Mother of Jesus
Glid in with footsteps light.

She bowed her over the sick man's bed,
And one fair hand did lay
Upon his throbbing bosom;
Then smiled, and passed away.

It seemed a dream to the mother;
And she had yet seen more,
But that her sleep was broken,
For the dogs howled at the door.

Upon his bed extended,
Her son lay, and was dead;
And o'er his thin pale visage streamed
The morning's lovely red.

Her hands the mother folded,
Yet not a tear wept she;
But sang in low devotion,
"Gelobt seist Du, Marie!"

MARY HOWITT.

POEMS FROM THE HARZ JOURNEY.

1824.

PROLOGUE.

BLACK dress-coats, and silken stockings,
Cuffs of starched and courtly whiteness,
Civil speeches, sleek embracings,—
Throbbed but hearts through your politeness!

Hearts within your laundered bosoms,
Love, warm love, those hearts to impassion—
Ah! ye kill me with your whining
Amorous pains in feignèd fashion.

I will climb the rugged mountains,
Where the simple herds live blameless,
Where the breast can frankly open,
Where free winds blow keen and tameless.

I will climb the rugged mountains,
Where the spruce juts grand and gloomy,
Streams shall murmur, wild birds warble,
Under coursing clouds, unto me.

Fare ye well, ye polished salons!
Polished squires and dames, I shun you!
I will climb the rugged mountains,
Laughingly look down upon you.

ON THE HARDENBERG.

Rise again, ye dreams of old-time!
Open thou, gate of my heart!
Songtide-raptures, tears of passion,
Gushing wondrously, outstart.

I will wander through the pinewood,
Where the lusty freshet springs,
Where the stately stag is roaming,
Where the blessed throstle sings.

I will climb the rugged mountains,
Scale the steep and craggy height,
Where the castle, grey in ruin,
Looming stands in morning light.

There I'll sit me down in silence,
Brooding o'er the days of old,
Blooming, fading generations,
And their splendour low in mould.

Grass to-day o'ergrows the tilt-yard
Where some doughty champion
Fought the noblest and o'ercame them,
And the gage of battle won.

Ivy ramps o'er the balcony
Once where stood the beauteous dame
Who the doughty overcomer
With her lustrous eyes o'ercame.

Ah! on victor and on victress
Death has laid victorious hand—
That grim knight, the lean scythe-bearer,
Smites us all into the sand.

A MOUNTAIN IDYL.

I.

On the mountain stands a cabin
Where there dwells a miner old;
There a fadeless pine doth whisper,
And the moon gleams bright as gold.

In the cabin stands a settle,
Carven quaintly, wondrously ;
Who upon it sits is happy,
And that happy man am I !

On the footstool sits a maiden,
O'er my knees her arm she throws ;
Eyes like twin blue stars of heaven,
Little mouth a crimson rose.

And the clear blue stars gaze on me
Wide and sweet as heaven come close,
Roguishly a lily finger
Lays she on the crimson rose.

No, the mother does not heed us,
Spinning, spinning, late and soon,
And the father plays the zither,
Crooning o'er some old-world tune.

And the maiden softly whispers,
Softly and with bated breath ;
Trusting many a weighty secret
Unto only me, she saith.

"Since Aunt died," she tells me, "never
Have we gone, no more can go,
To the shooting-booth at Goslar,
That's the prettiest place I know ;

"While up here 'tis—oh so lonely !
On this chilly mountain-height,
Where we seem the livelong winter
In the snowdrifts buried quite.

"Never girl so lived in terror,
I'm as frightened as a child,
For the wicked mountain-spirits
Work by night their witchcraft wild."

Then she pauses, on a sudden
Mute, my darling little maid!
With both hands her eyes she covers,
As by her own words affrayed.

Louder sighs without the pine-tree,
And the wheel still whirrs and brums,
And between rings out the zither,
And the old tune the father hums:

"Fear thou not, my child, my darling,
Fear no evil spirit's power,
Day and night, my child, my darling,
Angels guard thee hour by hour."

II.

Taps the pine with dusky fingers
On the tiny pane and thin,
And the moon, a mute eavesdropper,
Peers with shining lantern in.

Father, mother, in their bedroom
Near, a gentle snoring make,
While we two with happy prattle
Keep each other wide awake.

"That you pray one bit too often
I can hardly think that same,
For your lip has got a curl in't
That from praying never came.

"Oh that curl, so cold and wicked,
Every moment shocks me so,
Though your eyes' good honest shining
Charms away its gloomy woe.

"Then, about your faith I'm doubtful,
What is held true faith by most—
Don't you, really though, believe in
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost?"

Ah! my child, while yet I nestled
In my mother's lap and love,
I believed in God the Father,
Good and great, who reigns above.

Who this goodly world created,
And the goodly folk thereon,
Sun and moon and stars set spinning
Their predestined course upon.

Then, my child, as I grew bigger,
Things I mastered, more than one,
I began to use my reason,
And believed in God the Son.

In the Son beloved, who, loving,
Love revealed, with us to abide;
And for guerdon—'tis its custom—
By the world was crucified.

Now that I have grown to manhood,
Read and travelled more than most,
Swells my heart, and I acknowledge
With full heart the Holy Ghost.

He has wrought the mightiest marvels,
Mightier works for suffering folk—
He cast down the baron's stronghold,
Burst for aye the villein's yoke.

Old and deadly wounds He healeth,
And restores the ancient right;
All mankind are born His nobles,
All are equal in His sight.

Mists of evil scares He from us,
Fancies dark on brains that prey,
Sickening us of mirth and gladness,
Grinning at us night and day.

Thousand knights in shining armour,
Of the Holy Ghost inspired,
Chosen His will to do in all things,
With great courage hath He fired.

How their blessed swords can lighten,
And their blessed banners wave!
O my child, dost long to see them,
Knights so noble and so brave?

Well, my child, come, look upon me,
Kiss me, boldly look, and boast
Thou hast looked on such a champion,
Knight, child, of the Holy Ghost.

III.

Still the moon outside the window
Lurks behind the dusky pine,
And our lamp within the chamber
Flickers low with fitful shine.

Yet my twin blue stars are mingling
With the dawn their blissful rays,
Glowing, too, the crimson roses,
And the gentle maiden says :

"Tiny fairies, little elf-men
Steal our bacon and our bread,
Left at evening in the cupboard,
In the morning not a shred !

"Tiny fairies from the milkpan
Sip our cream, skim off the best,
And the milkpan leave uncovered,
And the cat licks up the rest.

"And the cat's a witch, I'm certain,
For she slinks, o' stormy nights,
Off to yonder haunted mountain,
And the old ruin upon the heights.

"There stood once a lordly castle,
Full of mirth and armour's glint ;
Shining knights and squires and ladies
Flung through many a torch-dance in 't.

"Then on castle and retainers
Laid her curse a wicked witch,
Nothing's left of it but ruins,
Owls have nests in every niche.

"But my Aunt in heaven has told me,
If one speak the word of power
In the fated place up yonder,
In the night, at fated hour,

"Swift the ruins change to a castle,
Lights ashine at every loop,
And once more to merry dances
Knights and squires and ladies troop.

"And who speaks that word of power,
Castle, vassals, his must be,
Drums and trumpets blown do homage
To his new-born seignory."

Thus there bloom fantastic folk-tales
From the rosebud mouth so small,
And the eyes their azure starlight
Shed divinely over all.

Then the child with golden ringlets
Winds my hands, to bind me fast,
Pretty names she gives my fingers,
Kisses, laughs,—is mute at last.

And in that still chamber all things
Look on me like friends of yore,
Table, press, I seem to have seen them
Half a hundred times before.

Grave and friendly chats the house-clock,
And, the ear scarce thrills to it,
Of itself the zither tinkles,
And as in a dream I sit.

Here's the fated place for certain,
And 'tis now the fated hour,
And methinks I feel it gliding
From my lips—the word of power.

See, my child, how night already
Feels the quickening dawn and quakes,
Brook and spruces louder murmur,
And the hoary mountain wakes.

Clang of zithers, songs of cobbolds
From the mountain-glens resound,
And, as in a madding springtime,
Sprout huge flowers in forests round.

Flowers bold-springing, flowers of wonder,
Leaves more lush than fable saith,
Bright and odorous, swiftly trembling
To the gale of passion's breath.

Roses, wild as crimson flamelets,
From the coil flash suddenly,
Lilies fair as crystal columns
Shoot aloft into the sky.

And the stars, like suns for glory,
Gaze from heaven with yearning glow;
Into giant cups of lilies
Bright their floods of radiance flow.

But ourselves, my gentle maiden,
Are transfigured more tenfold;
All about us gleam the torches,
Shimmering gay on silk and gold.

Thou thyself art grown a princess,
And this cot, as round I glance,
Turns a castle—lo! where gaily
Knights and squires and ladies dance.

And, as heir, I stand possest of
All—retainers, castle, thee ;
Drums and trumpets blown do homage
To my new-born seignory.

THE HERDBOY.

He's a king, the happy herdboy,
This green hill his throne of state,
O'er his head the sun in heaven
Shines, his golden crown and great.

Sheep about his feet are lying,
Flatterers soft, with crosses red ;
Calves, his cavaliers, go straddling
O'er the meads with martial tread.

And the kids are the court-players ;
Birds, and cows, that lull the day
With their flutes and with their cow-bells,
Form the chamber-orchestra.

And they ring and sing so sweetly,
And, therewith, so sweetly sound
Waterfall and murmuring spruces,
That the king lies slumber-bound.

And his faithful dog must govern
As his minister the while,
Whose incessant angry barking
Echoes round for many a mile.

Drowsily the young king murmurs :
"Ah ! to rule is heavy care ;
Would that in my cosy palace,
With my queen at home I were !

"In her arms, upon her bosom,
Soft my head's tired kingship lies,
And I find my boundless kingdom
Deep within her lustrous eyes ! "

ON THE BROCKEN.

Now the eastern sky grows brighter
At the dawn's first glimmer paling,
Far and wide the mountain ridges
In a sea of cloud are sailing.

Over yonder mountain ridges,
Were my seven-league-boots but by me,
To the house of my Beloved
Fleeter than the wind I'd hie me.

From the cot whereon she slumbers
I would softly draw the curtain,
Softly would I kiss her forehead,
Soft her rubied lips, for certain.

And yet softer would I whisper
In her ear, the lily's brother :
"Dream that still we're happy lovers,
Never, never lost each other."

ILSE.

I AM the Princess Ilse,
And dwell in the Ilsenstein ;
Come with me to my castle,
Great bliss shall be mine and thine.

Thy head with crystal water
From my clear wells I'll wet,
Thou sorrow-sick, pale companion,
Thy cares thou wilt straight forget !

In my white arms I'll fold thee,
Upon my own white breast,
Of magic joys of old legend
A-dreaming thou shalt rest.

I'll kiss thee and caress thee,
As once I kissed and caress'd
My much-loved Kaiser Heinrich,
Who long lies dead in chest.

The dead stay dead and wake not,
The living, they live alone ;
And I am fair and blooming,
And laughing my heart beats on.

Come down with me to my castle,
My castle with crystal keep,
There dance the knights and the maidens,
And varlets lustily leap.

The silken trains they rustle,
The iron spurs they ring,
The dwarfs are fiddling and drumming,
Horn-blowing and trumpeting.

But thee, my arm shall cling round thee,
As round Kaiser Heinrich it clung;
I stopped his ears with my fingers
From the stern trumpet's tongue.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

THE NORTH SEA.

1825—1826.

FIRST PART.

CORONATION.

O SONGS! ye my good songs!
Arise, your armour don!
Let the trumpet sound forth,
And raise me on shield
This fair young maiden,
Who now shall reign over
My whole heart as Queen!

Hail to thee, O thou fair young Queen!

From the sun up above
I will tear out the dazzling red gold,
And will weave therefrom a diadem
For thy consecrated head;
From the fluttering blue silken tent of heaven,
Wherein flash the diamonds of night,
I will cut thee a costly garment,
And will hang it as royal mantle
Around thy regal shoulders.

I will give thee a court-state
Of primly bedight sonnets,
Of haughty terzines and of courtly stanzas ;
My wit shall attend thee as footman,
As jester my imagination,
While as herald, the tearful smile in escutcheon,
My humour shall serve thee.
But myself, O Queen,
Will kneel down before thee,
And present to thee on purple velvet—
In deepest homage,
The little sense
Which thy fair predecessor
In mercy hath left me.

TWILIGHT.

By the dim sea-shore
Lonely I sat, and thought-afflicted.
The sun sank low, and sinking he shed
Rose and vermilion upon the waters,
And the white foaming waves,
Urged on by the tide,
Foamed and murmured yet nearer and nearer—
A curious jumble of whispering and wailing,
Of soft rippling laughter and sobbing and sighing,
And in between all a low lullaby singing.
Methought I heard ancient forgotten legends
And world-old sweet stories,
Which once as a boy
I heard from my playmates,
When, of a summer's evening,

We crouched down to tell stories
On the stones of the doorstep,
With small listening hearts,
And bright curious eyes;
While the big grown-up girls
Were sitting opposite
At flowery and fragrant windows,
Their rosy faces
Smiling and moonshine-illumined.

SUNSET.

THE red and glowing sun descends
Into the silver-grey shuddering ocean,
That ripples and heaves from its depth to receive it;
Airy images, tenderly flushed,
Glide gently after; while just opposite
From autumnly drift of sad dim clouds
Breaks forth the moon,
A pale face and deathlike;
Behind her, as tiny sparks, the stars
Glimmer faintly through nebulous space.

Once united in the high heavens,
Beamed in conjugal radiance
Luna, the goddess, and Sol, the god,
And round them clustered the stars,
Their little innocent children.
But slanderous tongues whispered discord and evil,
And the bright and exalted couple
Parted in anger.

Now in the day-time, in lonely glory,
Parades on high the God of the Sun,
Adored and much lauded
For his fierce splendour,
By proud men, hardened by fortune.
But in the night
Luna moves o'er the sky,
The forsaken mother,
With her starry band of orphan children,
And she beams with soft melancholy,
And loving maidens and gentle poets
Offer her tears and ditties.

Poor tender Luna ! Womanlike loves she,
Loves without ceasing her handsome husband ;
And, towards evening, all trembling and pale,
You see her peering from fleecy clouds,
And gazing with aching heart
On the Departing ; and fain would she cry
Anxiously : "Come !
Come, the children are calling for you—"
But the Sun-god, proud and obdurate,
At sight of his wife,
Flushes a yet deeper purple
With anger and grief,
And unrelenting he hastens down
To his cold and watery widower's bed.

* * * *

Evil and slanderous tongues
Thus brought pain and disaster,
Even on immortal gods ;
And the wretched gods, high up in the heavens,
Pursue in anguish

And endless despair
Their dreary course,
And cannot die,
And ever drag with them
Their radiant sorrow.

But I, a man only,
Lowly born and death-favoured,
Complain no longer.

THE NIGHT ON THE BEACH.

STARLESS and cold is the night;
Old Ocean yawns,
And flat on the ocean, upon his belly,
Squats the uncouth North Wind;
And stealthily croaking, with groan and with grunt,
Like a crotchety grumbler waxing good-humoured,
He babbles into the waters
Mad tales without number;
Tales of giants, breathing of slaughter,
And world-old stories of Norway;
And ever between he laughs, and howls out
Incantations from Edda
And ancient Runes,
So darkly defiant and potent of spell
That the white ocean children
Leap up high and exulting
In turbulent frenzy.

Meanwhile, on the flat lone shore,
O'er the tide-washed sands,
Strides a stranger whose throbbing heart
Beats yet wilder than wind and waves.

Whither he treads
Sparks fly, and shells crunch beneath him ;
And he wraps him up in his sombre mantle,
And strides on fast through the wind and the night,
Safely led by the glimmering taper,
That beckons so sweetly inviting
From the fisherman's lonely cottage.

Father and brothers are out at sea,
And all alone by herself was left
In the cottage the fisherman's daughter,
The wondrously beautiful fisherman's daughter.
By the hearth sits she,
And lists to the kettle's
Drowsy song, full of sweet promise ;
Fuel and sticks she adds to the fire,
And blows thereon,
And the flickering red light
As by magic illumines
Her blooming features,
And her tender white shoulder
That peeps forth pathetic
From coarse linen kirtle,
And illumines, too, her small hand,
Carefully tying yet faster her garments
Round her slender waist.

But on a sudden the door springs open,
And there enters the stranger nocturnal ;
Full and assured of love
Rests his eye on the fair slight maiden,
Who trembles before him
Like unto a frightened lily ;
And he throws his cloak on the ground,

And he laughs and says:
"Look you, my child, I have kept my word,
And I come, and there comes
Unto me the old time
When the gods descended from heaven
Unto the daughters of men,
And embraced the daughters of men,
And begat with them
Sceptre-bearing races of Kings,
And Heroes, world-renowned.
But stand not amazed, my child, any longer
At my divinity,
But give me some tea with hot rum, I beseech you,
For it's cold outside,
And on such a raw night
Even we shiver, we gods eternal,
And easily catch we most heavenly colds,
And coughs divinely immortal."

POSEIDON.

THE sunbeams were playing
Lightly over the billowy ocean;
Far out at sea I saw shining the ship
That was to bear me homewards;
But the right wind as yet was wanting,
And tranquilly on the white sands I was sitting
By the lonely sea,
And I read the song of Ulysses,
That old, that ever youthful song,
From whose ocean-murmuring leaves

Rose joyfully
The breath of the gods,
And the sunny spring of mankind,
And the cloudless sky of fair Hellas.

My noble and faithful heart accompanied
The son of Laertes in toil and disaster :
It sat down with him, grieving in spirit,
At kindly hearths,
Where queens sat spinning deep rich purple;
It helped him to lie and to escape deftly
From giants' caves and from nymphs' white arms ;
It followed him into Kimmerian night.
Through storm and through shipwreck,
And suffered with him unspeakable anguish.

Sighing said I, " Revengeful Poseidon,
Thy anger is awful,
And myself am afraid
Of my own return home."

Scarcely had I spoken the words,
When the sea foamed up high,
And from the white-crested billows arose
The head of the god, crowned with sea-weed,
And cried he, contemptuous :

" Fear not, my dear little Poet !
I've no intention to harm in the least
Thy poor little bark,
Nor frighten thee out of thy poor little wits
With too boist'rous a rocking :
For thou, little Poet, hast never incensed me,

Thou never hast shaken the smallest turret
Of the holy city of Priam;
Nor hast thou singed e'en a single hair
From the eye of my son Polyphemus;
And never as yet has the Goddess of Wisdom,
Pallas Athenæ, stood counselling beside thee."

Thus cried out Poseidon,
And dived back into the ocean;
And at the vulgar old sailor's joke
I heard Amphitrite, the coarse fish-woman,
And the silly daughters of Nereus,
Giggling beneath the waters.

DECLARATION.

The evening shadows fell dim and sad,
Roughly the tide tumbled in,
And I sat on the beach and gazed
On the white dance of waters;
And yearning, I felt a deep wistful longing
For thee, thou dear image,
That followest me ever,
And callest me ever,
Always and ever,
In the blast of the wind, in the roar of the sea,
In the sighing of my own heart.

With slender reed I wrote on the sand:
"Agnes! I love you!"
But unkind waves crept up and washed over
The sweet confession
And blotted it out.

Thou brittle reed, thou wild-whirling sand,
Ye dissolving billows, I trust ye no longer!
The sky grows darker, my heart throbs wilder,
And with strong hand, from the forests of Norway,
I tear out the loftiest pine;
And I dip it into
The red-hot glowing crater of Etna,
And with this fiery pen and gigantic,
I write on the dark vault of heaven:
"Agnes! I love you!"

Thus every night, blazing shall flare
On high my eternal letters of flame,
And all generations to come hereafter
Shall read, exulting, the rapturous words:
"Agnes! I love you!"

AT NIGHT IN THE CABIN.

Its pearls doth have the ocean,
And heaven hath its stars,
But oh, my heart, my heart,
My heart doth have its love.

Great is the ocean and heaven,
But greater is my own heart,
And fairer than pearls and stars
Flashes and beams my love.

Thou young, thou sweet young maiden,
Come to my swelling heart;
My heart, the sea, and the heavens,
Are melting for very love.

* * * *

Fain I'd press my lips in anguish,
Wildly press them, wildly weeping,
On the dark blue vault of heaven,
Where the bright-eyed stars are shining.

For yon stars so brightly shining
Are the eyes of my Beloved,
And a thousandfold they greet me
From the dark blue vault of heaven.

To the dark blue vault of heaven,
To the eyes of my Beloved,
Both my hands I lift devoutly,
And I pray, and I petition:

"Beauteous eyes, ye gracious tapers,
Consecrate my soul and bless it;
Let me die, and thus acquire
You and all the heaven within you!"

* * * *

From those heavenly eyes above me
Golden sparks fall trembling downwards,
And my soul expands with longing,
Evermore with love and longing.

Oh, ye heavenly eyes above me,
Inundate my soul with weeping,
That my spirit may run over
With the bright and starry shower.

* * * *

Lulled to rest by ocean billows,
And by dreamy thoughts that wander,
Calm I lie within the cabin,
In the dark berth in the corner.

Through the open porthole gazing,
Bright I see the stars above me,
Those belovèd eyes and tender
Of my sweet and Well-Beloved.

Those belovèd eyes and tender
Brightly watch and guard my pillow,
And they glimmer and they shimmer
In the dark blue vault of heaven.

Towards the dark blue vault of heaven
Rapt I gaze for many an hour,
Till a silver veil of sea-mist,
Envious, hides those dear eyes from me.

* * * *

Against the wooden planking
Where lies my dreaming head,
Dash the billows, the boisterous billows ;
They ripple and murmur,
Softly whispering mine ear :
" Deluded fool !
Your arm is short, and the heavens are far off,
And the stars up above are riveted fast
With golden nails,—
Idle yearning and idle sighing,
'Twere best for you to go to sleep."

* * * *

In dreams I saw a plain immense and dreary,
Deep covered o'er with silent driven snow ;
And underneath the snow myself lay buried,
And slept the cold and lonely sleep of death.

But from the dark blue heavens above down-gleaming
Upon my grave, the starry eyes were shining,
Those tender eyes ! And lo, they beam in triumph
And gladness calm, and, too, in Love unbounded.

STORM.

FIERCE rages the storm,
And it lashes the waves,
And the waves, wild furious and boiling,
Tower tumultuous, white water-mountains,
Heaving with angry life ;
And the frail bark climbs them
With arduous haste,
And sudden it dashes deep down
Into black and cavernous abysses of billows.

O Sea !
Mother of Beauty, the foam-born Goddess !
Grandmother of Love ! I pray you to spare me !
Already hovers o'erhead, scenting corpses,
The ghostly white sea-mew,
And whets on the mast her cruel beak,
And eagerly lusts for the heart
Which rings of the praise of thy daughter,
And which thy grandson, the little rogue,
Has chosen as plaything.

In vain my entreaties and prayers !
My cry dies away in the rushing storm,
In the battle-cry of the winds.
They bluster and pipe and bellow and roar,

Like a Madhouse of Sound!
And, in between, I distinctly can hear
Siren harp-strains,
And yearning wild song;
Song soul-melting and song soul-rending,
And I recognise, too, the voice.

Far away, on the rocky coast of Scotland,
A grey old castle boldly juts out
Over the boiling tide;
There, by a vaulted oriel window
Stands a beautiful woman,
Fragile and delicate, pale as death.
And she strikes her harp and sings,
And the storm dishevels her long wild tresses,
And bears away her gloomy song
Far over the raging waste of waters.

OCEAN CALM.

DEEP repose lies on the ocean,
And the sun sheds down his radiance;
Through the flashing waves like jewels
Draws the ship her emerald furrows.

Near the wheel doth lie the boatswain,
Sleeping sweetly, snoring softly;
By the masts sits, tarred and spattered,
Mending sails, the cabin boy.

From his cheeks, begrimed and dirty,
Flashes forth a tell-tale scarlet,
Sadly his wide mouth is quivering,
And his fine eyes have been weeping.

For the captain stands before him,
Scolding, railing, swearing roundly:
"Greedy pilferer! thou hast basely
Stolen a herring from my barrel!"

Calm the ocean! from the billows
Leaps a merry little spratling,
Warms its small head in the sunshine,
Whisks its little tail so frisky.

But a gull from out its eyry
Darts upon that frisky spratling,
And her rapid prey fast seizing,
Soars again into the azure.

SEA-VISION.

But I lay at the edge of the vessel,
And gazed with eye that was dreaming
Down into the clear crystal water,
And gazed down deeper and deeper
Till far on the ground of the ocean,
At first like mists of twilight,
But soon more defined in colour and substance,
Domes of churches appeared and steeples,
And at length, clear as day, an entire town;
Antiquated, Netherlandish,
And thronged with people.
Solemn men, draped in black mantles,
With snowy neck ruffs and chains of honour,

With rapiers long, and eke long faces,
Soberly cross the swarming market
To the Town-hall, ascended by lofty steps,
Where Imperial statues of stone
Guard entrance with sceptre and sword.
Not far off, before long rows of houses,
Where lindens, cut into shapes fantastic,
Are mirrored in glittering windows,
Maidens walk in rustling silk garments,—
Slim young girls, their fresh flower-faces
Demurely enclosed by modest black coifs,
And waving tresses of gold;
Gay young fellows, in Spanish costume,
Swagger by, haughtily nodding;
Aged women,
In brown old-fashioned dresses,
Carrying rosaries and prayer-books,
Hasten with faltering steps
To the great Cathedral,
Urged on by the peal of the organ,
And by the clanging of bells.

Myself am moved by the secret
Mysterious power of the distant strain:
An infinite yearning, a sorrow profound,
Steals o'er my heart,
My scarcely healed heart;—
I feel as though its wounds were kissed open
Once more by beloved lips,
And that again they were bleeding
Red warm drops of blood,
Which trickle down slow and slowly
Upon an old mansion below
In the deep ocean city;

Upon a dreary old gabled mansion,
That stands in sad drear solitude,
Save that at a lower window
A girl is sitting,
Leaning her head on her hand,
Like a poor and forgotten child—
And I know thee, thou poor and forgotten child!

So deep then, even as deep as ocean,
Didst thou hide from me
In childish caprice,
And could'st return again never,
And sattest, a stranger among strange people,
For centuries!
The while I, with sorrowing soul,
The wide world over have sought thee,
Aye, without ceasing have sought thee,
Thou ever loved one,
Oh, thou long lost one,
At last found again!
And now I have found thee, again I behold
Thy sweet fair face,
And those grave earnest eyes,
And the dear old smile—
And never, never again will I leave thee,
And I am coming to thee,
And with open arms
Let me sink to thy heart——

But just in the nick of time
The Captain seized hold of my foot,
And pulled me away from the edge of the vessel,
And cried, vexatiously laughing:
"What the deuce, my dear sir, are you up to?"

CLEANSING.

Stay thou below in thy ocean depths,
Delirious Dream,
That once, ah, many a night,
Hast tormented my heart with false happiness,
And to-day, as Sea Phantom
Doth threaten me even in broad daylight!—
Stay thou below, for ever and ever,
And I will throw down to thee still
All my anguish and sin,
And the foolscap of folly
Which has jingled long time round my head;
And the cold glittering snake-skin
Of hypocrisy,
Which was coiled long time round my soul,
My poisoned soul,
My God-denying, angel-denying,
Most wretched soul!
Yoho! yoho! Here comes the wind!
Hoist up the sails! They flap and they swell!
O'er the calmly-fatal expanse
The good ship flies,
And, delivered, the Soul shouts exulting.

PEACE.

The sun stood high in the heavens,
White-robed in masses of cloud;
The ocean was calm,
And musing I lay by the helm of the vessel,
Dreamily pondering,—and half in waking
And half in sleeping, Christ I beheld,

The world's Redeemer ;
In white waving vesture,
He strode, a giant form,
Over land and sea ;
His head touched unto the heavens,
His hands He stretched out, blessing,
Over land and sea :
And lo, as heart in His breast
He carried the sun,
The red flaming sun ;
And the red flaming Sun-Heart
Poured its tender beams of grace,
Illuming and warming,
Over land and sea.

Pealing bells rang clearly and sweetly,
Drawing, as with garlands of roses,
Drawing, swanlike, the gliding ship
Lightly, playfully to the green shore,
Where men are living in yon high-towered
And steepled city.

Oh, wonder of Peace ! How hushed the town !
The jarring din of noisy tradescrafts
Has ceased in stifling buildings and shops ;
And through the clean echoing streets
Wander people all clad in white,
And bearing branches of palm ;
And where two meet,
They gaze on each other in brotherly kindness
And trembling with love and with sweet resignation,
Each kisses each on the brow ;
And they lift up their eyes
To the Saviour's Sun-Heart,

That flashes down in glad atonement
Its precious blood;
And thrice blessed, they say:
Praised be Jesus Christ."

THE NORTH SEA.

SECOND PART.

GOOD-MORROW.

THALATTA! Thalatta!
Hail to thee, thou eternal sea!
Hail to thee, ten thousand times, hail!
With rejoicing heart
I bid thee welcome,
As once, long ago, did welcome thee
Ten thousand Greek hearts,
Hardship-battling, homesick-yearning,
World-renowned Greek hearts.

The billows surged,
They foamed and murmured,
The sun poured down, as in haste,
Flickering ripples of rosy light;
Long strings of frightened seagulls
Flutter away shrill screaming;
War-horses trample, and shields clash loudly.
And far resounds the triumphant cry:
Thalatta! Thalatta!

Hail to thee, thou eternal sea!
Like accents of home thy waters are whispering,
And dreams of childhood lustrous I see
Through thy limpid and crystalline wave;
Calling to mind the dear old memories
Of dear and delightful toys,
Of all the glittering Christmas presents,
Of all the red-branched forests of coral,
The pearls, the goldfish and bright-coloured shells,
Which thou dost hide mysteriously
Deep down in thy clear house of crystal.

Oh, how have I languished in dreary exile!
Like unto a withered flower
In the botanist's capsule of tin,
My heart lay dead in my breast.
Methought I was prisoned a long sad winter,
A sick man kept in a darkened chamber;
And now I suddenly leave it,
And outside meets me the dazzling Spring,
Tenderly verdant and sun-awakened;
And rustling trees shed snowy petals,
And tender young flowers gaze on me
With their bright fragrant eyes;
And the air is full of laughter and gladness,
And rich with the breath of blossoms,
And in the blue sky the birds are singing—
Thalatta! Thalatta!

Oh, my brave Anabasis-heart!
How often, ah! how sadly often
Wast thou pressed hard by the North's fair Barbarians!
From large and conquering eyes
They shot forth burning arrows;
With crooked words as sharp as a rapier

They threatened to pierce my bosom ;
With cuneiform angular missives they battered
My poor stunned brains ;
In vain I held out my shield for protection,
The arrows hissed and the blows rained down,
And hard pressed I was pushed to the sea
By the North's fair Barbarians,—
And breathing freely, I greet the sea,
The sea my deliverer, the sea my friend,
Thalatta ! Thalatta !

THE THUNDERSTORM.

Lurid the thunderstorm lies on the ocean,
And through the banks of black cloud
Flashes the red-forked lightning,
Swift blazing forth and as swift disappearing.
Like wit from the head of Kronion.
Over the drearily restless waters
Solemnly rolls the thunder,
Whereat leap on high the white sea-horses,
Which Boreas himself has begotten
With the light-bounding mares of Erichthon ;
And scared the sea-birds silently flutter
Like spectral phantoms from Styx
Whom Charon repulsed from his shadowy boat.

Poor little merry bark,
Dancing yonder a grim dread dance !
Æolus sends thee his nimblest companions

Who wildly play up for the rollicking frolic ;
One doth whistle, another howls,
While the third plays a rumbling bass—
And the staggering sailor stands at the helm
And steadily scans the compass,
The trembling soul of the vessel ;
And he raises his hands beseeching to heaven :
" Oh, save me, Castor, doughtiest of heroes,
And Pollux, mightiest of boxers ! "

SHIPWRECK.

Hope and Love ! All hopelessly shattered !
And myself, like a corpse,
Grudgingly cast up by the sea,
Am washed on shore,
On the dull naked shore.
Before me surges the wide waste of waters,
Behind me lie but sorrow and anguish,
While over my head sail the clouds,
The shapeless grey daughters of air ;
Who fetch, in buckets of vapour,
Water from ocean,
And drag and drag it in arduous toil,
But to spill it again in the sea,
A dull and tedious employment,
And useless like my own life.
The billows murmur, the sea-gulls scream,
Old memories drift o'er my soul,

Forgotten dreams and faded visions,
Torturingly sweet ones, start forth again.

A woman lives in the North,
A beautiful woman, queenly beautiful.
Round her cypress-slim limbs
Flows a white and voluptuous garment;
A dark mass of ringlets,
Dark and tender as night,
Falls from her head crowned with tresses,
Encircling dreamily, sweetly
Her sweet pale face;
And forth from her sweet pale face,
Large and mighty, flashes her eye
Like a black burning sun.

Oh, how often, thou black burning sun,
Transportingly often, I have drunk from thee
Wild flames of inspiration,
Till I staggered and stood all blinded with fire,—
Then a dovelike smile would tremble
Round those haughtily-swelling proud lips,
And those haughtily-swelling proud lips
Breathed words, tender as moonlight,
And sweet as the perfume of roses,—
And my soul spread her wings
And soared and mounted on high, as an eagle!

Silence, ye birds and ye billows!
All has expired, Love and Hope,
Yea, Hope and Love! I lie on the beach,
A dreary shipwrecked man,
And press my glowing face
On the cold wet sand.

THE SETTING SUN.

THE beauteous sun
Has calmly descended into the ocean;
The restless waters already are dimmed
With gloomy night,
Save where the evening's red
Flushes them golden with flecks of light;
And the swelling murmuring tide
Drives to the shore the white-crested breakers,
That bound and leap,
Like fleecy white flocks,
Which at nightfall the shepherd-boy
Drives home singing.

"How fair is the sun!"
Thus spoke my friend who was walking beside me,
After long pause breaking silence;
And half in joking and half in earnest
He assured me that the sun*
Was a lovely woman, who only had married
The ancient sea-god from 'convenance';
All day long she beams on high,
Joyful and clothed in purple,
Diamond-flashing,
And loved and admired
By all creation,
And delighting the whole creation
With the light and warmth of her glance;
But at night, she is fain, in mute despair,
To return again
To her watery house and the dreary arms
Of her aged husband.

* In German, the sun is feminine.

"Indeed, believe me," added my friend,
And smiled and sighed and smiled again—
"They lead down below the tenderest union,
Either they sleep, or they quarrel together;
Then the sea above foams up high,
And the sailors hear in the waves' wild uproar
The old man scolding his wife:
'Thou, the world's round Wanton!
Radiant Coquette!
The livelong day thou glowest for others,
But at night, for me, thou art frosty and tired!
After this curtain lecture
The haughty sun bursts into tears
As a matter of course,
And bewails her lot,
And weeps so bitterly that the sea-god
Suddenly jumps out of bed in despair,
And hastily swims to the ocean's surface
To recover time for breath and reflection.

"Thus saw I him only the other night,
Extending, breast-high, from out the water:
He wore a jersey of yellow flannel,
And a white tasselled nightcap,
And an old wizened face."

THE SONG OF THE OCEANIDES.

EVENING shadows fall pale and dim,
And desolate, with his own desolate soul,
A man sits alone on the naked beach,
And gazes with dreary cold look on high,
To the wide and dreary vault of heaven:—

And he looks on the vast and billowy sea,
And his sighs, those sailors of air,
Wander o'er the vast billowy sea,
And thence return desponding;
For the heart wherein they had hoped to anchor
They found fast locked—
And so loudly it groaned, that the white-winged gulls,
In hundreds from their nests in the sand,
Flutter round him affrighted,
And he speaks unto them the laughing words:

"Black-legged Flutterers!
With gleaming wings the ocean skimming,
With crooked bills salt water drinking,
And rancid sealflesh-gorging birds!
Your life is bitter like unto your food!
But I, the happy one, taste but of sweetness!
I taste the dainty rose's sweet perfume,
Of the moonshine-nurtured nightingale-bride;
I taste yet more sweet and delicious manna,
Sweetmeats filled with whipped cream, forsooth;
And, sweetest of all, I taste
Sweet love and sweet being beloved.

"She loves me! She loves me! the charming maiden;
Now stands she at home at the balcony window,
And gazes longingly out on the road,
And listens for me—i' faith, but she does!
In vain she gazes around and sighs she,
And, sighing, descends she into the garden
And saunters about in fragrance and moonshine,
And speaks to the flowers, and tells them enraptured,
How I, her Beloved, am so engaging,
And so truly charming—i' faith, but she does!
Later on in her bed, in her sleep, in her dreams,

My precious image hovers around her,
Yea, even at breakfast, in the morning.
Shining upon her bread and butter,
She beholds my smiling countenance,
And, lovesick, she eats it—i' faith, but she does!"

Thus he brags and he boasts,
And shrilly the gulls shriek between,
As though giggling in irony cold.
The mists of twilight rise shadowy and dim,
And forth from purple night cloud
Looks forth the lurid uncanny moon.
Louder yet moan and surge the billows,
And forth from the murmuring billowy tide
Sad, like sighing breezes,
Sounds the song of the nymphs of the ocean,
Of the fair and pitiful water maidens;
And above all the others is heard the sweet voice
Of the silver-footed wife of Peleus;
And they sigh and they sing:

"O fool, thou fool, thou poor bragging fool!
Fool, tortured by grief!
Behold, all thy hopes lie murdered before thee,
The playful children of thy fond heart,
And, alas! thy heart, like Niobe's,
Doth harden to stone;
Black night enshrouds thy head,
And the lightnings of madness flash athwart it,
And thou vauntest for very grief!
O fool, thou fool, thou poor bragging fool,
Stubborn thou art, as was thy forefather,
That mighty Titan, who stole from the Gods
Celestial fire, and gave it to men;
And vulture-tortured, chained to the rocks,

Defied Olympus, defied it, and groaned,
That even we heard it deep down in the sea,
And came to console him with balmy song.
O fool, thou fool, thou poor bragging fool!
And lo! thou art yet more helpless than he,
And prudent it were thou should'st honour the gods,
And should'st patiently bear with the load of thy sorrow,
And should'st bear it with patience, so long, aye, so long,
Till Atlas himself shall lose patience,
And shall hurl from his shoulders the heavy world
Into endless night."

Thus sounded the song of the ocean nymphs,
Of the fair and pitiful water maidens,
Till louder billows o'er-murmured and drowned it—
The moon withdrew behind clouds,
Old Night did yawn,
And I sat long time in the dark and wept.

THE GODS OF GREECE.

O DAZZLING full moon! in thy pure light,
Like molten gold doth glitter the sea;
As clear as day, yet in silvery enchantment,
Stretches away the long line of beach;
And up in the pale blue starless sky
White clouds are sailing,
Like colossal statues of gods
Of lustrous marble.

No! these images never are clouds!
These are themselves, e'en the gods of Hellas,
Who once so joyously reigned o'er the earth,
But now, supplanted and lifeless,

Wander as Phantoms gigantic
Over the midnight sky.

Strangely dazzled, I wond'ring behold
This airy Pantheon,
And those solemn and silent giant forms,
Drifting in motion dread.
Yon is Kronion, king of the heavens,
Snow-white now are the locks of his head,
Those renowned locks that were wont to shake
Olympus itself;
The extinguished lightning he holds in his hand,
On his countenance lie misfortune and grief,
And still withal his ancient pride.
Those were better times, O Zeus,
When, godlike, thou tookest delight
In youths and nymphs and hecatombs;
But even the gods, they reign not for ever,
And the young supplant the old,
As thou thyself one time didst dethrone
Thy aged father and Titan uncles,
Jupiter Parricida!
Thee, too, proud Juno, I recognise:
Despite all thy jealous anger and fear,
Another has taken the sceptre from thee,
And thou reignest no longer as Queen of Heaven;
And thy big eyes are frozen and dull,
And all powerless droop thy lily arms,
And nevermore shalt thou wreak thy vengeance
On the God-impregnated virgin,
And the miracle-working Son of God.
Thee, too, I recognise, Pallas Athene!
And could'st thou not with thy shield and thy wisdom
Avert the gods' great disaster?

Thee also I know, thee too, Aphrodite,
Once the golden, alas, now of silver!
'Tis true that still the zone's charm doth adorn thee,
Yet secretly dread I thy awful beauty,
And should'st thou all graciously deign to indulge me
Like other heroes, I'd die of alarm;
A ghoul-like goddess thou seemest to me,
Venus Libitina!
No longer the terrible Ares regards thee
With longing and love.
And sadly gazes Phœbus Apollo,
The Youthful, and all silent his lyre,
Which so joyous he swept at the feast of the gods.
Hephæstus gazes still sadder than he,
And, truly, the Halting One never again
Shall fill Hebe's place,
Nor pour out busily in the assembly
The nectar divine. And long has expired
The laughter unquenchable of the gods!

I never have loved you, ye gods!
For odious to me are the Greeks,
And more still the Romans are hateful to me;
But sacred compassion and shuddering pity
Doth thrill my heart,
When I beheld you now on high,
Ye deserted gods,
Extinct night-walking Shadows,
Nebulous weak ones, scared by the wind;—
And when I bethink me, how poor and faint-hearted
The new gods are that have conquered you,
The sorry and reigning new gods,
Spitefully glad in sheepskin of meekness,
Oh, then am I seized with rancour dark,

And I should like to break their new temples,
And fight for you, ye ancient gods,
For you and your good ambrosial right;
And before your high altars,
Built up again and smoking with worship,
I myself should like to kneel down,
And pray with uplifted hands—

For, look you, ye ancient gods,
Though in ages gone by, in your combats with men,
Ye ever did side with the conquerors,
Yet man is more generous than you were ever;
And in the combat of gods, I now side
With you, the Conquered.

* * * *

Thus I spake, and visibly blushed
On high the pale Cloud Images,
And gazed on me, dying
And sorrow-transformed, and suddenly vanished;
The moon had just hidden
Her face in the clouds rolling nearer;
The ocean foamed,
And triumphantly shone forth from out the dark heavens
The stars eternal.

QUESTIONS.

By the sea, the dreary nocturnal sea,
Stands a Stripling-Man,
His breast full of sorrow, his head full of doubt,
And with gloomy lips he asks of the waters;

"Oh, solve me the Riddle of Life,
That harrowing, world-old riddle,
Whereon many heads have pondered and brooded;
Heads in caps hieroglyph-scribbled,
Heads in turbans, and heads in black beavers,
Heads periwigged, and a thousand others,
Poor aching human heads—
Tell me—what signifies Man?
Whence has he come? And whither goes he?
Who dwells up on the golden stars?"

The waves they murmur their endless babble,
The wind it blows, and the clouds they wander,
The stars they glitter coldly indifferent,—
And a fool waits for an answer.

THE PHŒNIX.

FORTH from the West the Phœnix is flying,
He flies towards the East,
To his Eastern garden retreat,
Where spices grow in perfume and fragrance,
Where palm-trees rustle and springs give coolness,
And flying the wondrous bird doth sing:

"She loves him! She loves him!
Within her small heart she carries his likeness,
And secretly, sweetly doth she hide it,
And scarce knows herself!
But in her dreams he standeth before her,
And she weeps and beseeches and kisses his hands,

And calls on his name,
And calling, awakens, and lies sore confused;
Bewildered she rubs her beautiful eyes—
She loves him! She loves him!

* * * *

Leaning against the mast on the deck,
I stood and heard the song of the bird.
Like dark green horses with silver manes,
Dashed about the white-crested billows;
Like strings of wild swans went flying by,
With gleaming pinions, the Heligoland smacks,
Those Nomads bold of the North Sea!
Overhead, in the deep blue sky
White clouds fluttered their streamers,
And flashed the fair rose of heaven,
The fiery-flowering Sun eternal,
Joyously mirroring him in the sea;—
And heaven and ocean and my own heart
Unceasingly echoed:
"She loves him! She loves him!"

IN THE HARBOUR.

HAPPY is he who hath reached the safe harbour,
Leaving behind him the stormy wild ocean,
And now sits cosy and warm
In the good old Town-Cellar of Bremen.

How sweet and homelike the world is reflected,
In the chalice green of a Rhinewine Rummer.
And how the dancing microcosm
Sunnily glides down the thirsty throat!
Everything I behold in the glass,

History, old and new, of the nations,
Both Turks and Greeks, and Hegel and Gans,
Forests of citron and big reviews,
Berlin and Shilda, and Tunis and Hamburg;
But, above all, thy image, Beloved,
And thy dear little head a gold-ground of Rhenish!

Oh, how fair, how fair art thou, Dearest!
Thou art as fair as the rose!
Not like the Rose of Shiras,
That bride of the nightingale, sung by Hafis;
Not like the Rose of Sharon,
That mystic red rose, exalted by prophets;—
Thou art like the "Rose" * of the Bremen Town-Cellar,
Which is the Rose of Roses;
The older it grows the sweeter it blossoms,
And its breath divine it hath all entranced me,
It hath inspired and kindled my soul;
And had not the Town-Cellar Master gripped me
With firm grip and steady,
I should have stumbled!

That excellent man! We sat together
And drank like brothers;
We spoke of wonderful mystic things,
We sighed and sank in each other's arms,
And me to the faith of love he converted;—
I drank to the health of my bitterest foes,
And I forgave all bad poets sincerely,
Even as I may one day be forgiven;—

* A tun of celebrated wine in the 'Rathskeller' of Bremen called the "Rose," round which are ranged twelve vats called "the Apostles."

I wept with devotion, and at length
The doors of salvation were opened unto me,
Where the sacred Vats, the twelve Apostles,
Silently preach, yet oh, so plainly,
Unto all nations.

These be men forsooth !
Of humble exterior, in jackets of wood,
Yet within they are fairer and more enlightened
Than all the Temple's proud Levites,
Or the courtiers and followers of Herod,
Though decked out in gold and in purple ;—
Have I not constantly said :
Not with the herd of common low people,
But in the best and politest of circles
The King of Heaven was sure to dwell !

Hallelujah ! How lovely the whisper
Of Bethel's palm-trees !
How fragrant the myrtle-trees of Hebron !
How sings the Jordan and reels with joy !—
My immortal spirit likewise is reeling,
And I reel in company, and joyously reeling
Leads me upstairs and into the daylight,
That excellent Town-Cellar Master of Bremen.

Thou excellent Town-Cellar Master of Bremen !
Dost see on the housetops the little angels
Sitting aloft, all tipsy and singing ?
The burning sun up yonder
Is but a fiery and drunken nose,
The Universe Spirit's red nose ;
And round the Universe Spirit's red nose
Reels the whole drunken world.

EPILOGUE.

As grow on a wheat field the ears and haulms,
Thus grow and expand in the spirit of man
His thoughts.
But the tender thoughts of sweet love
Are as the red and blue flowers
Gaily blooming between.

Ye cornflowers and poppies!
The churlish reaper as useless reviles you,
Wooden flails mockingly thresh you,
Even the poor wayfarer,
Whom the sight of you cheers and rejoices,
Doth shake his head,
And call you fair weeds.
But the village maiden,
Weaving her garlands,
Loves you and plucks you
And adorns with you her tresses,
And thus adorned she hies to the dance,
Where pipe and tabor sweetly are sounding;
Or to the trysting hawthorn,
Where the voice of her sweetheart is music yet sweeter
Than pipe e'en or tabor.

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

THE sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars;
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea, and the heaven;
Yet greater is my heart,
And fairer than pearls or stars
Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart;
My heart, and the sea and the heaven
Are melting away with love!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

NEUE GEDICHTE.

NEW POEMS.

NEW SPRING.

1828 — 1831.

PROLOGUE.

OFT in galleries of art
  Thou hast seen a knight perchance,
Eager for the wars to start,
  Well-equipped with shield and lance.

Him the frolic lòves have found,
  Robbed him of his sword and spear,
And with chains of flowers have bound
  Their unwilling chevalier.

Held by such sweet hindrances,
  Wreathed with bliss and pain, I stay,
While my comrades in the press,
  Wage the battle of the day.

EMMA LAZARUS.

In dem Walde spriesst und grünt es.

LIKE a virgin heart, the forest
Breaks with too-full blossoming,
And the sun laughs down upon it:
"Welcome, welcome, happy Spring!"

Nightingale, there too I see thee
Where thou flutest up above,
Sobbing out thy long-drawn music,
And thy song is love, pure love!

EMILY PFEIFFER.

Leise zieht durch mein Gemüth.

SOFT and gently through my soul
Sweetest bells are ringing,
Speed you forth, my little song,
Of springtime blithely singing!

Speed you onward to a house
Where sweet flowers are fleeting!
If, perchance, a rose you see,
Say, I send her greeting!

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

Der Schmetterling ist in die Rose verliebt.

THE Butterfly is in love with the Rose,
And hovers around her alway,
But a golden Sunbeam loves him again,
And flutters around him all day.

But tell me, with whom is the Rose in love?
That would I know soonest by far;
Or is it the singing Nightingale?
Or the silent Evening Star?

I know not with whom is the Rose in love;
But I love you all as ye are:
The Butterfly, Sunbeam, and Nightingale,
The Rose, and the Evening Star.

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

Es erklingen alle Bäume.

ALL the nests with song are ringing,
Forest music fills the land;
Who may be the concert-leader
In the feathered woodland band?

Is it that grey Plover yonder,
Who keeps nodding quick and strong?
Or the Pedant who, incessant,
With his "cuckoo" times the song?

Or is it the Stork, that gravely
Still keeps tapping with his bill,
Just as though he were conductor,
While the rest their music trill?

No, in mine own heart is sitting
The song-leader of the grove,
And I feel how he the time beats,
And I think his name is—Love!

JOHN ACKERLOS.

Die blauen Frühlingsaugen.

THE blue-starred eyes of springtime
Peep from the grass around,
They are the gentle violets
Which to a wreath I bound.

I ponder as I break them,
And all that hidden tale
Of heartfelt love and longing
Sings loud the nightingale.

Yea, what I think she chanteth
Gladly in joyous tone;
I fear my tender secret
To all the wood is known.

FRANCIS HUEFFER.

Ach, ich sehne mich nach Thränen.

AH, I long again for tears,
Love's sweet tears and tender pain,
And I dread these sighs and fears
Soon will bring them back again.

Love, O love, thou sweetest ailment,
Bitter bliss and soft unrest,
Steal again with soft bewailment
To this scarcely healèd breast.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

Wenn Du mir vorüberwandelst.

When by chance you cross my path,
And your dress but touches me,
Bounding goes my gladdened heart,
And I fain would follow thee.

When you turn to give me greeting—
Greeting from large eyes to me
Fills my heart so full of terror
That I dare not follow thee.

J. Snodgrass.

Die schlanke Wasserlilie.

The dreaming water-lily
From the lake looks up above;
The moon looks down upon her,
All full of the woes of love.

Ashamed, she droops her head, then,
Again in the waves so blue,
And lo! at her feet she sees there
The lover so pale and true.

Emma Lazarus.

Was treibt Dich umher, in der Frühlingsnacht?

What brings thee out in the sweet spring night,
To make the flowers half mad with fright?
The violets are all of a flutter.
The roses for very shame are red,
The lilies—pale as are the dead—
Impeach thee, beseech thee, and stutter.

O thou dear Moon, of what pious sect
Are then the flowers, that they detect
My crimes without further token?
How could I know they had listened and heard
Each glowing, each love-besotted word
That I with the stars had spoken?

EMILY PFEIFFER.

Mit deinen blauen Augen.

THOSE azure, azure eyes
Gaze on me with their love;
And I am lost in dream,
And cannot speak or move.

Those azure, azure eyes
Stay with me when we part;—
A sea of azure thoughts
Overfloods my heart.

JAMES THOMSON.

Wie des Mondes Abbild zittert.

As the image of the moon
Trembles in the waves' wild leaven,
While the moon herself in safety
Wanders o'er the vault of heaven.

So thou wanderest safe and silent,
Safe and silent, my beloved;
But thine image in my bosom
Shakes because my heart is moved.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

Sag' mir wer einst die Uhren erfund.

WHO was it, tell me, that first of men reckon'd
Time by the hour and the minute and second?
A soulless man, without heart or light,
He sat and he mused in the long winter's night,
And counted the pittering steps of the mouse,
And the pick of the woodworm that gnawed at the house.

Kisses, now tell me, who first did discover?
It was the warm happy mouth of a lover;
He kiss'd without ceasing, he kiss'd without care,
He kiss'd his first kiss in the May-season fair;
The flowers from their emerald cradle upsprang,
The sun brightly beam'd, the birds sweetly sang.

RICHARD GARNETT.

Es war ein alter Koenig.

WAS once an ancient monarch,
Heavy his heart, his locks were gray,
This poor and aged monarch
Took a wife so young and gay.

Was once a page-boy handsome,
With lightsome heart and curly hair,
The silken train he carried
Of the queen so young and fair.

Dost know the old, old story?
It sounds so sweet, so sad to tell—
Both were obliged to perish,
They loved each other too well.

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

Durch den Wald, im Mondenscheine.

In the forest moonbeam-brightened,
Late last night the elves were riding,
Horns and silver bells resounded
As their throng went past me gliding.

From the foreheads of their horses
Golden antlers were extending,
Swiftly, through the air, like swan-birds
They their rapid way were wending.

Graciously the elf queen beckoned,
On her palfrey backward leaning;—
Did she smile at my new passion,
Or was doom and death her meaning?

FRANCIS HUEFFER.

Morgens send' ich dir die Veilchen.

Every morn I send thee violets,
Which at day-break I have culled;
And at night I bring the roses
Which by twilight I have pulled.

Know'st thou what the pretty flowers,
Tender-secretly, would say?—
Thou shalt love me all the night long,
And be true to me by day.

JULIAN FANE.

Sterne mit den goldnen Füsschen.

GOLDEN stars across the heavens
With their small feet softly creep,
Fearing lest they should awaken
Mother Earth, who lies asleep.

Listening stand the silent forests,
Every leaf a little ear,
And, as in a dream, the mountain
Shadow-arms outstretches near.

But who called?—I heard an echo;
Through my listening heart it fell.
Could it be her voice—or was it
Nothing but the nightingale?

ALMA STRETTELL,
Selections from Heine.

SERAPHINE.

Wandl' ich in dem Wald des Abends.

IN the dreamy wood I wander,
In the wood at eventide;
And thy slender graceful figure
Wanders ever by my side.

Is not this thy white veil floating,
Is not that thy gentle face?
Is it but the moonlight breaking
Through the dark fir-branches' space?

Can these tears so softly flowing
Be my very own I hear?
Or indeed, art thou beside me,
Weeping, darling, close anear?

EMMA LAZARUS.

Das ist eine weisse Möwe.

BEHOLD! 'tis a foamwhite sea-mew
That flutters there on high
Far over the black night-waters;
The moon hangs up in the sky.

The shark and the ray dart forward
For breath as the breeze floats by;
The sea-mew poises and plunges;
The moon hangs up in the sky.

Oh, lovely transient spirit,
How heavy of heart am I!
Too near to thee is the water,
The moon hangs up in the sky.

EMMA LAZARUS.

Dass Du mich liebst, das wusst' ich.

I KNEW that thou must love me—
'Twas long ago made clear;
But thy confession filled me
With deep and secret fear.

I clambered up the mountain,
And sang aloud for glee;
Then while the sun was setting,
I wept beside the sea.

My heart is like the sun, dear,
Yon kindled flame above;
And sinks in large-orbed beauty
Within a sea of love.

EMMA LAZARUS.

Wie neubegierig die Möwe.

AH, Love! the sea-gulls hover,
And are watching ever near,
As wishful to discover,
When thy sweet lips press mine ear,

What the sweet low voice has murmured
That thrilleth me so with bliss;
And if love's secret passeth
In a whisper or a kiss?

Ah, Love! What should I answer?
There is none can answer this;—
Adroitly intermingled
Are the whisper and the kiss.

ERNEST RADFORD.

Graue Nacht liegt auf dem Meere.

GREY night broods above the ocean,
Little stars gleam sparkling o'er us;
And the waters' many voices
Chant in deep protracted chorus.

Hark! the old North-wind is playing
On the polished waves of ocean,
That, like tubes of some great organ,
Thrill and stir with sounding motion.

Partly pagan, partly sacred,
Rise these melodies upswelling
Passionately to the heavens,
Where the joyous stars are dwelling.

And the stars wax large and larger,
In bright mazes they are driven,
Large as suns at last revolving
Through the spaces of vast heaven.

And weird harmonies they warble,
With the billows' music blending;
Solar nightingales, they circle
Through the spheres strange concord sending.

And with mighty roar and trembling,
Sky and ocean both are ringing;
And a giant's stormy rapture
Feel I in my bosom springing.

EMMA LAZARUS.

Schattenküsse, Schattenliebe.

SHADOW-LOVE and shadow-kisses,
Life of shadows, wondrous strange!
Shall all hours be sweet as this is,
Silly darling, safe from change?

All things that we clasp and cherish
Pass like dreams we may not keep;
Human hearts forget and perish,
Human eyes must fall asleep.

EMMA LAZARUS.

Mit schwarzen Segeln segelt mein Schiff.

WITH gloomy sails my ship doth fly
Far over the stormy main;
You know how sick of heart I am,
And yet you cause my pain.

Your heart is faithless as the wind,
Veering like any vane;
With gloomy sails my ship doth fly
Far over the stormy main.

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

Wie schändlich Du gehandelt.

I TOLD nor man nor woman
How ill you dealt with me,
I came abroad, and published it
To the fishes in the sea.

Only upon terra firma
I have left you your good name:
But over all the ocean
Every creature knows your shame.

EMMA LAZARUS.

Es ragt in's Meer der Runenstein.

THE runic stone o'erhangs the beach,
I sit with my dreams and ponder.
The sea-winds pipe, the sea-mews screech,
The wild waves break and wander.

I have loved, oh, many a maiden kind,
And many a right good fellow—
Where are they all? So pipes the wind,
So foams and wanders the billow.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

Das Meer erstrahlt im Sonnenschein.

THE sea is shining in the sun,
And gold it seems to be.
My brother, when the goal is won,
Then sink me in the sea.

So dearly I have loved the sea,
So oft its gentle flood
Has cooled my heart; I feel that we
Are to each other good.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

ANGELIQUE.

Wie rasch Du auch vorüberschrittest.

THOUGH thou wert fain to pass me quickly,
Yet backward didst thou look by chance;
Thy wistful lips were frankly parted,
Impetuous scorn was in thy glance.

Would that I ne'er had sought to hold thee,
To touch thy fleeing gown's white train!
The dear mark of thy tiny footprints
Would that I ne'er had found again:

For now thy rare wild charm has vanished,
Like others thou art tame to see,
Intolerably kind and gentle—
Alas! thou art in love with me!

EMMA LAZARUS.

Dieser Liebe toller Fasching.

THIS mad carnival of loving,
This our hearts' intoxication,
Ends at last, and we twain, sobered,
Yawningly look each on each.

All the luscious cup is drained
That was filled with sensuous juices,
Foaming to the brim, enticing,
All the luscious cup is drained.

And the violins are silent,
That so sweetly played for dancing,
For the giddy dance of passion—
Yes, the violins are silent.

And the lanterns are extinguished,
That with gorgeous light illumined
All the motley troop of maskers—
Yes, the lanterns are extinguished.

And to-morrow comes, Ash Wednesday,
I will draw upon thy forehead
Then an ashen cross, and murmur :
"Woman, thou art dust, remember."

EMMA LAZARUS.

CLARISSA.

Es kommt zu spät was Du mir lächelst.

Too late come now your smiles of promise,
Alas ! they come too late, your sighs !
Long time has died the love within me,
You cruelly once did despise.

Too late comes now your love, and tardy !
And all your ardent glances fall
Upon a heart cold, irresponsive,
Like sunshine on a grave withal.

* * * *

One thing I'd know : when we have perished,
Where is it that our soul doth go ?
Where is the fire that is extinguished ?
Where is the wind but now did blow ?

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

EMMA.

Emma, sage mir die Wahrheit.

EMMA, tell, and tell me truly,
Was I foolish first through love?
Or is love in very sooth
But the consequence of folly?

Oh, it worries me, dear Emma!
Here there stands my own mad love,
There love-madness, and above,
Worse than all, is this dilemma.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

KATHERINE.

Ein schöner Stern geht auf in meiner Nacht.

A STAR dawns beauteous in my gloomy night,
A star that sheds sweet comfort with its light,
Promising me new life and joy,—
Oh, do not lie!

Like as the ocean to the moon swells free,
So mounts my soul, daring and glad to thee,—
To thee, and to thy light of joy,—
Oh, do not lie!

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

ABROAD.

Ich hatte einst ein schönes Vaterland.

EREWHILE I had a beauteous Fatherland.
The oak there seemed
To grow so tall; there violets nodded low.
It was a dream.

In German it kissed me,—in German spake
(You scarce believe [thee."
How sweet the sound!) this one word, "I love
It was a dream.

ERNEST RADFORD.

A TRAGEDY.

I.

Entflieh mit mir und sei mein Weib.

COME fly with me, and be my wife;
My heart thy resting-place shall be;
Far in strange lands my faithful heart
Shall be both house and home to thee.

But if thou come not, surely then
I die, and leave thee here alone;
Even thy father's house will seem
But a strange place when I am gone.

ALMA STRETTELL,
Selections from Heine.

II.

THE hoar-frost fell in a night of spring,
On the tender blue-bell flowers it fell,
And they were withered and perished.

A youth did love a maiden well,
Softly together from home they fled,
Nor father nor mother knew it.

They wandered hither, they wandered thither,
Their lot ne'er knew its lucky star,
Undone they were and perished.

JULIAN FANE.

III.

UPON their grave a lime-tree is growing,
Where birds are whistling and winds are blowing,
There sit at eve in the dark green shade
The miller's lad and his own true maid.

The winds are blowing so weak and weary,
The birds are singing so sweet and dreary;
The chatting lovers—they know not why—
Silent become, and begin to cry.

FRANCIS HUEFFER.

BALLADS.

1839—1842.

SPRING FESTIVAL.

THIS is the spring-tide's mournful feast;
The frantic troops of blooming girls
Are rushing hither with flying curls;
Mourning they smite their bare white breast,
Adonis! Adonis!

The night has come. By the torches' gleams
They search the forest on every side,
That echoes with anguish far and wide,
With tears, mad laughter, and sobs and screams,
Adonis! Adonis!

The mortal youth so strangely fair
Lies on the cold turf pale and dead;
His heart's blood staineth the flowers red,
And a wild lament fulfills the air,
Adonis! Adonis!

EMMA LAZARUS.

CHILDE HAROLD.

LO, a large black-shrouded barge
Sadly moves with sails outspread,
And mute creatures' muffled features
Hold grim watch above the dead.

Calm below it, lies the poet
With his fair face bare and white,
Still with yearning ever turning
Azure eyes towards heaven's light.

As he saileth sadly waileth
Some bereaven undine-bride,
O'er the springing waves outringing,
Hark! a dirge floats far and wide.

EMMA LAZARUS.

THE EXORCISM.

THE young Franciscan sits alone
Within his cloister-cell,
He reads an old magician's book,
'Tis called "The Stress of Hell."

And when the hour of midnight strikes,
He can curb himself no mo';
With pale, pale lips he calls upon
The powers of the world below:

"Ye spirits, fetch me from the grave
The fairest of womankind:
Give her life for me just this one night,
'Twill edify my mind."

He speaks the exorcism dread,
Straightway is his wish complete;
The poor long-buried beauty comes,
Swathed up in her winding-sheet.

Her look is woe-worn ; from her breast
Sighs sad with anguish rise ;
She sits down by him, they speak no word,
And gaze in each other's eyes.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

ANNO 1829.

I CRAVE an ampler, worthier sphere :
I'd liefer bleed at every vein
Than stifle 'mid these hucksters here,
These lying slaves of paltry gain.

They eat, they drink ; they're every whit
As happy as their type, the mole ;
Large are their bounties—as the slit
Through which they drop the poor man's dole.

With pipe in mouth they go their way,
With hands in pockets ; they are blest
With grand digestions : only *they*
Are such hard morsels to digest !

The hand that's red with some dark deed,
Some giant crime, were white as wool
Compared with these sleek saints, whose creed
Is paying all their debts in full.

Ye clouds that sail to far-off lands,
O waft me to what clime ye will !
To Lapland's snows, to Lybia's sands,
To the world's end—but onward still !

Take me, O clouds! They ne'er look down;
But (proof of a discerning mind)
One moment hang o'er Hamburg town,
The next they leave it leagues behind.

C. S. CALVERLEY.

LORD OLAF.

I.

By the church two men are standing
Both arrayed in red apparel:
One of them the king—the other,
See, the other is the headsman.

And to him the king is speaking:
"By the singing I can tell thee
That the wedding soon is over,
Therefore let thine axe be ready."

Bells and organ now are pealing,
From the church the crowd is streaming;
In the midst of the procession,
All adorned, come bride and bridegroom.

Pale as death, and sad and anxious,
Is the fair princess—yet by her
Walks Lord Olaf, bold and merry,
Proudly his red mouth is smiling.

And he speaks, his red mouth smiling,
To the monarch stern and gloomy:
"Father of my bride, good morrow,
Now to thee my life is forfeit.

"I must die to-day—but let me,
Only let me live till midnight,
Give me time to keep my wedding,
With the marriage feast and dances.

"Let me live, O king, I pray thee,
Till the last cup I have emptied,
Till the last dance shall be ended,
Only let me live till midnight."

To the headsman then the monarch
Turns and speaks: "His prayer be granted,
Let his life be spared till midnight,
Then let thy good axe be ready."

II.

THE wedding feast is well nigh o'er,
Lord Olaf drains the cup once more;
Moaning upon his breast
His wife doth rest—
And the headsman waits below,

The dance begins—Lord Olaf now
Clasps his young bride: by torches' glow,
Wildly they dance and fast
This dance—their last—
And the headsman waits below.

The viols echo merrily,
The flutes send forth a wailing sigh;
But, as these two draw near,
Men shrink with fear—
And the headsman waits below.

As through the reeling halls they move,
He whispers to his bride, "My love
For thee is all untold;
The grave is cold— !"
And the headsman waits below.

III.

Lord Olaf, it is midnight now,
Thy latest hour draws nigh !
For thou the daughter of a king
Hast loved unlawfully.

The monks intone a funeral psalm,
And see the headsman stand,
Red-coated, by the grim dark block,
With glitt'ring axe in hand.

Now in the court, where gleaming swords
And torches flash, his place
Lord Olaf takes; his red lips smile,
He speaks with smiling face:

"I bless the sun, I bless the moon,
And stars, the heavens that throng;
The merry birds, I bless them too,
That fill the air with song.

"I bless the sea, I bless the land,
And all the flowers I bless,
The violets most—my wife's dear eyes
They match for tenderness.

"Ah wife, those violet-eyes of thine!
Though now my death they be,
I bless the elder-tree where first
Thou gavest thyself to me."

ALMA STRETTELL,
Selections from Heine.

THE FAIRIES.

THE waves they plash on the lonely strand,
The moon gives out her beams;
A fair knight rests on the silvery sand,
Begirt with happy dreams.

The beautiful Fairies, fairy-bedight,
Rise out of the great sea's deeps;
They softly draw near to the youthful knight,
And they think that he certainly sleeps.

Then one with curious fingers feels
The feathers that deck his bonnet;
Another close to his shoulder-knot steals,
And plays with the chain upon it.

A third one laughs, and with cunning hand
Unsheaths the sword from its keeper;
And, leaning against the glittering brand,
She watches, well-pleased, the sleeper.

A fourth, she flutters about and above,
And sighs from her little bosom:
"Ah me! that I were thy true, true love,
Thou beautiful human blossom!"

A fifth the knight's fair fingers clasped,
Filled with Love's longing blisses;
A sixth plays coy for awhile, but at last
His cheeks and lips she kisses.

The knight is crafty, nor thinks he soon
To open his eyelids wary;
But quietly lies, to be kissed in the moon,
By fairy after fairy.

JULIAN FANE.

DESIST!

THE day with night is in love,
And spring is in love with winter,
Life is enamoured of death,—
And thou, thou lovest me!

Thou lovest me—already dread
And gruesome shadows seize thee,
All thy fresh beauty fades,
To death thy soul is bleeding.

Desist from me, and only love
The butterflies that flutter
Careless and lightsome in the sun,—
Desist from me and from ruin.

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

A MEETING.

ALL under the lime-trees the music sounds,
And lads and lasses dance there, too;
A couple are dancing whom no one knows,
They are tall, and of noble air, too.

To and fro in a weirdlike way,
They glide and meander slowly ;
They smile to each other, they wave their heads,
The lady whispers lowly :

" My fine young fellow, in your cap
A water-pink is twined, sir ;
It only grows at the roots of the sea,—
You come not of Adam's kind, sir.

" You are a Merman ; to beguile
These village beauties you wish, eh?
I knew you at the very first glance
By your teeth so sharp and fishy."

To and fro, in a weirdlike way,
They glide and meander slowly ;
They smile to each other, they wave their heads,
The young man whispers lowly :

" My pretty maiden, tell me why
As cold as ice your hand is?
Ay, tell me why your white robe's hem
As moist as the wet sea-sand is?

" I knew you at the very first,
By your curtsey all so tricksy ;—
No mortal child of earth are you,
You are my cousin, the Nixie."

The fiddles are silent, the dance is done,
They part with a courtly greeting ;
They know each other, alas ! too well,
So shun any future meeting.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

IN THE UNDERWORLD.

I.

"O to be a bachelor!"
Pluto now for ever sighs:—
"In my marriage miseries
I perceive, without a wife
Hell was not a hell before.

"O to be a bachelor!
Since my Proserpine is mine,
Daily for my grave I pine;
When she raileth, I can hear
Barking Cerberus no more.

"My poor heart needs rest and ease,
In the realm of shades I cry,—
No lost soul is sad as I!
Sisyphus I envy now,
And the fair Danaïdes."

II.

In the realm of shades, on a throne of gold,
By the side of her royal spouse, behold
Fair Proserpine,
With gloomy mien,
While deep sighs upheave her bosom:

"The roses, the passionate song I miss
Of the nightingale; yea, and the sun's warm kiss;
Midst the Lemurs dread,
And the ghostly dead,
Now withers my life's young blossom.

"I am fast in the yoke of marriage bound
To this cursed rat-hole underground!
Through my window at night
Peers each ghostly sprite,
And the Styx murmurs lower and lower.

"To-day I have Charon invited to dinner—
He is bald, and his limbs they grow thinner and thinner—
And the judges, beside,
Of the Dead, dismal-eyed,—
In such company I shall grow sour."

III.

WHILST their grievance each is venting
In the Underworld below,
Ceres, on the earth lamenting,
Runs distracted to and fro;
With no hood, in sloven fashion,
Neither mantle o'er her gown,
She declaims that lamentation
Unto all of us well-known:*—

"Is the blessed spring-tide here?
Has the earth again grown young?
Green the sunny hills appear,
And the icy band is sprung.

* The three following verses are taken literally from Schiller's celebrated poem, "Lament of Ceres."

Mirrored from the clear blue river,
Zeus, unclouded, laugheth out,
Softer Zephyr's wings now quiver,
Buds upon the fresh twig sprout.
In the hedge a new refrain ;
Calls the Oread from the shore :
'All thy flowers come again,
But thy daughter comes no more!'

"Ah, how many wearied days
I have sought o'er wide earth's space!
Titan, all thy sunny rays
I have sent on her dear trace!
Yet not one renews assurance
Of the darling face I wot,
Day, that findeth all things, the durance
Of my lost one findeth not.
Hast thou ravished, Zeus, my daughter?
Or, love-smitten by her charms,
Hath, o'er Orcus' night-black waters,
Pluto snatched her in his arms?

"Who towards that gloomy strand
Herald of my grief will be?
Ever floats the bark from land,
Bearing phantoms ceaselessly.
Closed those shadowy fields are ever
Unto any blessed sight,
Since the Styx has been a river,
It hath borne no living wight.
There are thousand stairs descending,
But not one leads upward there ;
To her tears no token lending
At the anxious mother's prayer."

IV.

Oh, my mother-in-law, Ceres!
Cease thy cries, no longer mourn,
I will grant thee what so dear is,
I myself so much have borne.

Take thou comfort. We will fairly
Thy child's ownership divide;
And for six months shall she yearly
In the upper world abide.

Help thee through long summer hours
In thy husbandry affairs;
Binding up for thee the flowers,
While a new straw hat she wears.

She will dream, when twilight pleasant
Colours all the sky with rose;
When by brooks some clownish peasant
Sweetly on his sheep's pipe blows.

Not a harvest dance without her,
She will frisk with Jack and Bess;
'Midst the geese and calves about her
She will prove a lioness.

Hail, sweet rest! I breathe free, single,
Here in Orcus far from strife,
Punch with Lethe will I mingle,
And forget I have a wife.

V.

At times thy glance appeareth to importune,
As though thou didst some secret longing prove.
Alas! too well I know it,—thy misfortune
A life frustrated, a frustrated love.

How sad thine eyes are! Yet I have no power
To give thee back thy youth with pleasure rife;
Incurably thy heart must ache each hour
For love frustrated and frustrated life.

EMMA LAZARUS.

POEMS OF THE TIME.

A WARNING.

DEAREST friend, thy fate I see,
If you write such books as these!
Would you gold and honour win,
Servile and humble you must be!

Surely you provoke the Fates,
Thus to speak unto the people,
Thus to speak of Priests and Parsons,
Thus of Kings and Potentates.

Friend, your lot excites my fears!
Kings and Princes have long arms,
Priests and Parsons have long tongues,
And the people have long ears!

JOHN ACKERLOS.

HEINRICH.

IN the courtyard of Canossa
Stands the German Emperor Heinrich,
Barefoot and in shirt of penance,
And the night is cold and rainy.

Peering from an upper window
Twain look down, while glints the moonlight
On the bald pate of Gregorius,
And the white breasts of Mathildis.

Heinrich, he with lips all pallid
Murmurs pious paternosters,
But within his heart of emperor
Secretly he chafes and gnashes:

"Far off, in my German country,
Rise the strong and sturdy mountains,
And in shafts so still and silent
Grows the iron for the war-axe.

"Far off, in my German country,
Rustle mighty oaken forests,
And within the tallest oak-stem
Grows the wood for this same war-axe.

"Thou, my loved and trusty country,
Thou too shalt bring forth the Champion
Who shall smite down with his war-axe
Yonder serpent of my torments."

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

ONLY WAIT.

BECAUSE I use ironic Lightning,
Think ye that I could never lift
My voice to Thunder? Ye are wrong,
Of thund'ring too I have the gift.

And when the fitting time be come,
With power and force it shall be heard;
And ye shall hear my verses roll
In spirit-storm their Thunder-word.

And many an oak shall then be rent
At that wild storm's wrong-scathing frown,
And many a palace shall be wrecked,
And many a church-tower topple down!

JOHN ACKERLOS.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

THE thought of Germany at night
Drives slumber from my pillow quite;
My mind recalls the day of parting,
And hot, resistless tears are starting.

The years have come, the years have passed,
Since, mother dear, I saw thee last;—
Twelve years have gone—gone unreturning—
Yet grows my longing and my yearning.

My yearning and my longing grow,
That mother has bewitched me so;
I think of her as of no other,
May God preserve her, dear old mother!

The dear old dame, she loves me so!
In trembling lines her letters show,
By signs that cannot be mistaken
How deep her mother's heart is shaken.

Of her I think where'er I stay ;
Twelve long, long years have passed away ;
Twelve years 'mong strangers have distressed me
Since to her true heart she has pressed me.

Ah, Germany lives evermore,
It is a land sound to the core,
With oaks and lindens firmly rooted ;
Whene'er I wish, I can salute it.

For Germany I should not care
So much, were not my mother there ;
For it no trouble need I borrow,
But she I love may die to-morrow.

Ah, since I left my native land
Death touched with unrelenting hand
My early friends, aye, many perished
Whom in my youth I fondly cherished.

And if I count the shadowy crowd
My heart in anguish throbs aloud ;
Could I these mournful figures banish,
I should have rest. Thank God, they vanish !

Thank God ! Athwart the window-pane
Serene French daylight shines again ;
In comes my wife, like morn in gladness,
And smiles away my German sadness.

FRANK SILLER.

ROMANZERO.

ROMANCERO.

1846—1851.

ROMANCERO.

VALKYRS.

STILL they combat on the meads,
High in air on cloudy steeds
Sweep three Valkyrs, and loud rattle
To their shields their songs of battle :—

"Nations war when kings command,
Each would win the other's land,
Sovran sway is sovran good,
Greatest worth is bravest blood.

"No proud helmet now, huzza!
Mocks the fury of the fray;
Spilt the fiery blood and glorious,
And the dastard is victorious.

Laurel-crowns and triumph-arches!
Proudly in the morn he marches
Who a better man o'ercame,
And despoiled of land and fame.

"Burgomaster! Senator!
Crouch before your conqueror,
Hail with shouts your subjugation,
Open to your desolation!

"Multitudes the walls array,
Cymbals clash and trumpets bray,
Clanging church-bells stun the crowd,
And the rabble shout aloud."

Women, fair and smiling, fling
Many a flowery welcoming
On the victor passing by;
He salutes with proud, calm eye.

RICHARD GARNETT.

THE ASRA.

EVERY day the wondrous lovely
Sultan's daughter paced the courtyard,
At the hour of sunset glory,
Where the foaming fountains whiten.

Every day the youthful slave stood
By the fountain's foam at sunset,
Where the snowy waters murmur,—
Daily grew he pale and paler.

Till one even stept the Princess
To his side with rapid question:
"Tell thy name, and tell thy country!
Tell thy clan, for I would know them!"

And the slave replied, "My name is
Mahomet, my home is Yèmen,
And my clan is that of Asra,
Whom Love slayeth by its ardour."

FRANCISKA RUGE.

THREE AND TWO.

SHY, from a sullen rack of clouds,
Upon a stormy sea,
Look'd forth the moon, into the boat
We stepp'd, and we were Three.

The oars with stroke monotonous,
Plash'd down into the sea,
And wild the foaming waves arose,
And sprinkled us all three.

And in the boat as pale and chill
And motionless she stood,
As she a marble image were,
And not of flesh and blood.

Now hides the moon her face, and shrills
A north wind cold and bleak,
And high above our heads we hear
An agonising shriek,

It is the white and ghostly mew,
And at the evil note,
That sounds like voice of warning, we
All shudder in the boat.

Have I a fever? Is 't a jest
Of nightly phantasy?
Mocks me a dream? If so, it is
A ghastly mockery!

A ghastly mockery! I dream
That I a saviour am,
And bear my cross of woe extreme
As patient as a lamb.

Poor beauty, prithee quake not so,
'Tis I will set thee free
From sin and shame, and want and woe,
And all thy misery.

Poor beauty, prithee quake not so,
Though hard the cure may be,
My heart will break, and yet I know
That death is good for thee.

O mockery and evil dream!
A madman's ghastly lot!
Dark broods the night, loud howls the sea,—
O God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, thou clement God,
Thou Merciful! Shaddai!
It plashes in the water—woe—
Jehovah! Adonai!

The sun broke, towards the smiling land
We steer'd our glad canoe,
And when we stepp'd out on the strand,
Then were we only Two.

RICHARD GARNETT.

LAMENTATIONS.

Sweet Pleasure is a giddy girl,
And loves in no place long to stay;
From off your brows she'll brush a curl,
And kiss you quick and flit away.

Dame Sorrow, scornful of all flurry,
Herself to your embrace commits;
She says she's in no kind of hurry,
And on your bed sits down and knits.

Julian Fane.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

Out of doors to-night there is a storm,
Earth is shrouded in a snowy dress;
But within, this little room is warm—
And a place of peaceful loneliness.

Here I sit and dream of many things
By the brightly blazing hearth, and low
At my side the boiling kettle sings
As I used to hear it long ago.

And the kitten crouches by the fire,
Warms its little paws and purrs aloud;
While the flames dance gaily, leaping higher,
Through my mind the strangest fancies crowd.

Dim and misty shapes before my eyes,
Pictures of forgotten days and dead,
Like some pale and faded pageant rise,
Or some quaint old-fashioned masquerade.

Lovely women first, with earnest face,
Beckon, with a sweet mysterious air;
Then, among them, harlequins grimace,
Laugh, and cut their capers here and there.

Marble gods, with features still and grave,
Greet me from afar; and round them grow,
In the moonlight, fairy flowers that wave
Dreamily their petals to and fro.

Presently a castle old and grey,
With a heavy tread, appears in sight;
After it come riding fast, a gay
Company of knights, in armour bright.

One by one the pictures fade and grow
Misty, and I bid them all farewell . . .
Ah! the kettle's boiling over now,
And the scalded kitten gives a yell!

ALMA STRETTELL,
Selections from Heine.

AN OLD SONG.

DEAD thou art, and know'st not thou art dead,
Pale thy little mouth, once rosy red;
From thine eyes the light of life is gone,
Dead thou art, my own dead little one.

One weird summer night, when none might see,
To thy grave myself I carried thee;
Nightingales made plaint, and stars withal
Followed sadly in thy funeral.

Through the wood we passed, and 'mid the trees
Rang the echo of our litanies;
Lofty pines, in sable veils arrayed,
Muttered hoarsely, praying for the dead.

By the lake, where weeping willows grow,
Little elves were dancing to and fro;
But they stopped their sport as we passed by,
Gazing on us with a pitying eye.

When we reached thy grave, from out the sky
Came the moon, and made thine elegy ;
Sobs and wailings echoed through the dell,
And afar there tolled a muffled bell.

ALMA STRETTELL,
Selections from Heine.

AUTO-DA-FE.

VIOLETS dead, a faded ribbon,
And a dusty curl or so ;
Half-torn notes, forgotten tokens
Of some heartache long ago.

Kneeling by the hearthstone sadly,
See, I throw them in the grate ;
Crackling now they burn, these ruins
Of my joys and luckless fate.

Lovers' vows, oaths false and flighty,
Up the chimney fast they fly ;
And the little god, I fancy,
All unseen, stands chuckling by !

Still I sit beside the hearthstone,
Dream—of what I cannot tell ;
Watch the sparks amid the ashes
Dying out. Good-night ! Farewell !

ALMA STRETTELL,
Selections from Heine.

LAZARUS.

MORPHINE.

MARKED is the likeness 'twixt the beautiful
And youthful brothers, albeit one appears
Far paler than the other, more serene ;
Yea, I might almost say, far comelier
Than his dear brother, who so lovingly
Embraced me in his arms. How tender, soft,
Seemed then his smile, and how divine his glance.
No wonder that the wreath of poppy-flowers
About his head brought comfort to my brow,
And with its mystic fragrance soothed all pain
From out my soul. But such delicious balm
A little while could last. I can be cured
Completely only when that other youth,
The grave pale brother, drops at last his torch.
Lo, sleep is good, better is death—in sooth,
The best of all were never to be born.

EMMA LAZARUS.

SOLOMON.

DUMB are the trumpets, cymbals, drums, and shawms
The angel shapes engirdled with the sword, [to-night,
About the royal tent keep watch and ward,
Six thousand to the left, six thousand to the right.

They guard the king from evil dreams, from death.
Behold ! a frown across his brow they view ;
Then all at once, like glimmering flames steel-blue,
Twelve thousand brandished swords leap from their sheath.

But back into their scabbards drop the swords
Of the angelic host; the midnight pain
Hath vanished, the king's brow is smooth again;
And hark! the royal sleeper's murmured words:

"O Shulamite! the lord of all these lands am I,
This empire is the heritage I bring,
For I am Judah's king and Israel's king;
But if thou love me not, I languish and I die."

EMMA LAZARUS.

OTTILIA.

IN treacherous dreams I win my youth again,—
It is the country house that decks the hill;
And down the winding path that decks the plain
I joyous wander with Ottilia still.

How blithe her blooming countenance! Her sweet
Blue eye with merry malice twinkling shines,
And firmly stands she on her little feet,
And strength with symmetry of frame combines.

The accent of her voice is true and tender,
Revealing every secret of her mood,
And keenest wit illumed with fancy's splendour
Darts from the mouth that seems a damask bud.

'Tis not the net of folly that ensnares me,
I wander not, my reason firmly stands,
The spell of her whole being 'tis that bears me
With quivering lips to press her snowy hands.

Methinks at length I stoop and pluck a lily,
And giving it I tremble, and breathe low,—
"Give me thy hand and heart, my sweet Ottilie,
That I may be as blest and good as thou!"

Her answer must remain uncomprehended,
For suddenly I wake, and once more find
Myself a sick man, on my couch extended,
Long years with tortured frame and troubled mind.

RICHARD R. GARNETT.

ENFANT PERDU.

IN Freedom's War, of "Thirty Years" and more,
A lonely outpost have I held—in vain!
With no triumphant hope or prize in store,
Without a thought to see my home again.

I watched both day and night: I could not sleep
Like my well-tented comrades far behind,
Though near enough to let their snoring keep
A friend awake, if e'er to dose inclined.

And thus, when solitude my spirits shook,
Or fear—for all but fools know fear sometimes,—
To rouse myself and them, I piped and took
A gay revenge in all my wanton rhymes.

Yes! there I stood, my musket always ready,
And when some sneaking rascal showed his head,
My eye was vigilant, my aim was steady,
And gave his brains an extra dose of lead.

But war and justice have far different laws,
And worthless acts are often done right well;
The rascals' shots were better than their cause,
And I was hit—and hit again, and fell!

That outpost is abandoned: while the one
Lies in the dust, the rest in troops depart;
Unconquered—I have done what could be done,
With sword unbroken, and with broken heart.

LORD HOUGHTON.

LETZTE GEDICHTE.

LAST POEMS.

1853—1855.

LAST POEMS.

BODY AND SOUL

THE poor Soul speaketh to its Clay :
"I cannot leave thee thus ; I'll stay
With thee, with thee in death I'll sink,
And black Annihilation drink !
Thou still hast been my second *I*,
Embracing me so lovingly,
A satin feast-robe round my form,
Doubled with ermine soft and warm.
Woe's me ! I dare not face the fact—
Quite disembodied, quite abstract,
To loiter as a blessed Nought
Above there in the realms of Thought,
Through Heavenly Halls, immense and frigid,
Where the Immortals dumb and rigid
Yawn to me as they clatter by
With leaden clogs so wearily.
Oh, it is horrible ! Oh, stay,
Stay with me, thou beloved Clay !"
The Body to the poor Soul said :
"Oh, murmur not, be comforted !

"We all should quietly endure
The wounds of Fate, which none can cure
I was the lamp's wick, and to dust
Consume; but thou, the Spirit, must
Be saved with care, and lifted far
To shine in Heaven, a little star
Of purest light. I am but cinder,
Mere matter, rubbish, rotten tinder,
Losing the shape we took at birth,
Mouldering again to earth in earth.
Now, fare thee well, and grieve no more!
Perchance life is not such a bore
In Heaven, as you expect up there.
If you should meet the old Great Bear
(Not Meyer-Bear *) i' the starry climes,
Greet him from me a thousand times!"

JAMES THOMSON.

THE VALE OF TEARS.

THE night-wind through the dormer howls,
And two poor creatures lay
In a garret upon a truckle-bed,
And wasted and wan were they.

And one unto the other says:
"Oh, gather me into your arm,
And press your lips, dear, close to mine,
I want you to make me warm."

* Meyerbeer, the great musician. Heine, in his later years, lost no opportunity for a skit at him.

And this is what the other says:
"When I look into your eyes,
Hunger and cold and want are forgot,
All my earthly trouble flies."

Much did they kiss, they wept still more,
Clasp'd hand to hand, and sighed.
They laughed very often, and even sang,
Then their talk into silence died.

Next morning the police inspector came,
And there by that woful bed
He with the parish doctor stood,
Who certified both were dead.

"The cruel weather," said his report,
"Combined with inanition,
Has caused the collapse of both,—at least,
Has hastened that condition."

When frosts set in," he went on to say,
"'Tis vital the body should
Be protected by woollen blankets—likewise
Be nourished by wholesome food.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

Wie langsam kriechet sie dahin.

OLD Time is lame and halt,
The snail can barely crawl:
But how should I find fault,
Who cannot move at all?

No gleam of cheerful sun!
No hope my life to save!
I have two rooms, the one
I die in and the grave.

May be, I've long been dead,
May be, a giddy train
Of phantoms fills my head,
And haunts what was my brain.

These dear old gods or devils,
Who see me stiff and dull,
May like to dance their revels
In a dead Poet's skull.

Their rage of weird delight
Is luscious pain to me:
And my bony fingers write
What daylight must not see.

LORD HOUGHTON.

Einst sah' ich viele Blumen blühen.

WHAT lovely blossoms on each side
Of my youth's journey shone neglected:
Left by my indolence or pride,
To waste unheeded or respected!

Now, when I scent the coming grave,
Here, where I linger sick to death,
These flowers ironically wave,
And breathe a cruel luscious breath.

One violet burns with purple fire,
And sends its perfume to my brain;
To think I had but to desire,
And on my breast the prize had lain!

O Lethe! Lethe! thanks to Heaven
That your black waves for ever flow;
Thou best of balsams! freely given
To all our folly and our woe.

LORD HOUGHTON.

Du warst ein blondes Jungfräulein, so artig.

THOU wert a blonde-hair'd maid without a stain,
So neat, so prim, so cool! I stay'd in vain
To see thy bosom's guarded gates unroll,
And Inspiration breathe upon thy soul.

A zeal and ardour for those lofty themes,
By chilly Reason scorn'd for airy dreams,
But wringing from the noble and the good
The toil of hand and heart, and brain and blood.

On hills with vineyards' clambering leafage gay,
Glass'd in the Rhine we roamed one summer day;
Bright was the sun, and from the shining cup
Of every flower a giddy scent flew up.

A kiss of fire, a deep voluptuous blush,
Burn'd on each pink and every rosy bush,
Ideal flames in dandelions glow'd,
And lit each sorriest weed that edged our road.

But thou went'st on with even-stepping feet,
Clad in white satin, elegant and neat;
No child of Netcher's brush more trim and nice,
And in thy stays a little heart of ice.

RICHARD GARNETT.

Vom Schöppenstuhle der Vernunft.

My cause at Reason's bar was heard:
"Your fame is clear as noon-day's sun,"—
The sentence ran,—"by deed or word
The fair Accused no ill has done."

Yes! while my soul was passion-torn,
She dumb and motionless stood by;
She did not scoff, she did not scorn,
Yet "guilty, guilty," still I cry.

For an accusing Voice is heard,
When night is still and thought is dim,
Saying, "It was not deed or word,
But her bad heart, that ruined him."

Then came the witnesses and proofs,
And documents of priceless cost;
But when the dawn has touched the roofs,
All vanish, and my cause is lost:

And in my being's darkest deep
The plaintiff seeks the shame to hide:
One sense—one memory—will not sleep—
That I am utterly destroyed!

LORD HOUGHTON.

Ein Wetterstrahl, beleuchtend plötzlich.

My fathomless despair to show
By certain signs, your letter came:
A lightning-flash, whose sudden flame
Lit up the abyss that yawned below.

What! You by sympathy controlled!
You, who in all my life's confusion
Stood by me, in your self-seclusion
As fair as marble, and as cold.

O God! how wretched must I be!
When even *she* begins to speak;
When tears run down that icy cheek,
The very stones can pity me.

There's something shocks me in her woe;
But, if that rigid heart is rent,
May not the Omnipotent relent,
And let this poor existence go?

LORD HOUGHTON.

Ich war, o Lamm, als Hirt bestellt.

O LITTLE lamb, I was assigned
To be thy shepherd true and kind;
And 'mid this barren world and rude
To shelter thee as best I could.
I gave thee of my bread thy fill,
I brought thee water from the rill;
And through the raging winter storm
Safe in my bosom kept thee warm.

I held thee close in that embrace;
And when the cold rain fell apace,
When through the gorge the torrents poured,
And wolves and floods in concert roared,
Thou didst not tremble then, nor fear,
E'en when the lightning's mighty spear
Cleft the tall pine—upon my breast
Still thou didst sleep and calmly rest.

My arm grows weak, and faint my heart,
Pale Death creeps near. The shepherd's part
Is now played out, the game is o'er.
O God, then in Thy hands once more
I lay the crook, and do Thou keep
My little lamb, when I to sleep
Am laid. Oh, guard her day by day
From every harm: and shield, I pray,
Her fleece from storms that may bring pain,
And from the miry swamps that stain.
Beneath her feet, in field and wood,
Let greenest pastures spring for food;
And let her calmly sleep and rest,
As once she slept upon my breast.

ALMA STRETTELL,
Selections from Heine.

FÜR DIE MOUCHE.

(*Heine's last poem, written a week or two before his death.*)

I DREAMT a dream upon a summer night,
Where pale, dissolving in the moon's cold glance,
Lay works of ancient beauty and of might,
Old ruins from the time of Renaissance.

And here and there in that encumbered place
Rose some bold Doric columns all alone,
And looked the frowning firmament in face,
As if it could defy the thunderstone.

Prone on the earth lay shattered all about
Doors, gables, roofs, with sculptures from an æra
When man and beast were mingled in a rout
Of centaurs, sphinxes, satyrs, and chimæra.

And in an open tomb of marble, fair,
Whole 'mid the ruin and the carven creatures,
Wrapped in his shroud, but to the nightwinds bare,
A dead man lay, with pale long-suffering features.

Strong caryatides, with throats upreared,
Held him aloft as if with might and main;
And on the coffer's either side appeared
In low relief, a wild and motley train.

Here, glorious from Olympus, came the band
Of heathen gods, all flushed with lawless passion;
But Adam and his Eve are close at hand
In modest aprons of the fig-leaf fashion.

Paris and Helen, Hector too, are here,
Troy's fall and fire what next we may discern is;
Moses and Aaron also hover near,
With Esther, Judith, Haman, Holofernes.

Here likewise is the god of Love to see,
Phœbus Apollo, Vulcan, lady Venus,
Pluto and Proserpine, and Mercury,
God Bacchus, and Priapus, and Silenus.

Here Balaam and his ass wait further on,—
The likeness of the ass is really speaking ;—
And Abraham about to slay his son ;
And Lot for whom his daughters twain are seeking.

Here before Herod sways the nimble child
Of her to whom the Baptist's head was given ;
Here Hell broke loose, and Satan here beguiled ;
Here Peter showed and shook the keys of Heaven.

And further change there was to ponder on,
When wanton Jove, bent at all costs to win his
Lascivious will, chased Leda as a swan,
And Danae in a shower of golden guineas.

Here Dian heads herself the eager press [toning ;
Of kirtled nymphs, and deep-mouthed hounds in-
And here sits Hercules in woman's dress,
The distaff in his hand, the spindle droning.

Here Sinäi his cloudy front uprears,
There at its foot is Israel with his ox ;
And in the Temple here the Lord appears,—
A Child disputing with the orthodox.

The contrasts side by side are sharply set :
The Greek light-heartedness, the stern God-fearing
Spirit of Judah, and the woven net
Of ivy-tendrils over all careering.

Then, wonderful ! The while, as I have said,
These carven fancies in my dream went by,
Quite suddenly it came into my head
The dead man in the marble tomb was I.

And bending down towards my resting-place
There stood a flower,—a flower of such strange fashion,—
A flower that had so wild a charm and grace,
That people call it Flower of the Passion.

Purple and sulphur-pale, from out the sod
Of Calvary, they say this blossom burst
When men had crucified the Son of God,
And shed His blood to heal the world accurst.

Blood-witness it is named; and you will find
That every several instrument of malice,
All tools of martyrdom of various kind,
It carries counterfeited in its chalice.

Each requisite of pain the flower adorns;
From out its torture chamber nothing fails:
The spittle, and the cords, the crown of thorns,
The cross, the cup, the hammer and the nails.

And at my grave there stood a flower like this,
And bent above my corpse so still and cold,
With woman's sorrow, and with woman's kiss,
Prest hands, brow, cheek, and wept on unconsoled.

Then, sorcery of dreams! this flower of mine—
This blossom from the heart of passion blown,
Had changed into a woman's likeness, thine,
Yes, thine, my best and dearest, thine, thine own.

Thou wert that flower; yes, thou, belovèd child,—
That from thy woman's kisses I was learning,—
No flower had ever lips so soft, so mild,
And never, never flower had tears so burning!

Closed were mine eyes, and yet with inward gaze
My soul beheld thee standing still before me,
Ghost-like, illumined by the moon's pale rays,
A beatific vision bending o'er me.

We did not speak; but ah! I could perceive
The inmost secret of your spirit clearly;
The spoken word is shameless, may deceive,
Love's pure unopened flower is silence merely.

Voiceless communing! Who could ever deem,
In tender converse which no ear might hear,
That time could fly as in my happy dream
That summer night so full of joy and fear?

What we then said, oh, ask it of me never!
Ask of the glow-worm what it says in shining;
Ask what the wavelet whispers to the river;
Question the west wind of its soft repining.

Ask the carbuncle of its fiery gleam;
Ask what coy sweets the violet is betraying;
But ask not what beneath the moon's sad beam
The martyr-flower and her dead are saying!

I have no thought how long I may have known
The calm refreshment of that marble chest
And happy dream. But oh, the dream was flown,
And flown the all unwonted boon of rest!

Oh, Death and Silence! bring my soul release,
Thou, only thou, canst give voluptuous bliss;
The storm of passion, joy that knows no peace,
When life would give its best, it offers this.

But woe is me! for sudden from without
Loud cries broke in upon my still delight;
I heard a scolding, stamping, noisy rout,
And ah! my flower was trembling in affright.

Yes, just outside my tomb there rose and fell,
Disputing, swearing, yelping, idly jangling,
Loud voices, some among them known too well,—
The bas-reliefs upon my tomb were wrangling.

Must lies still haunt the very stones, and can
These marble shadows fight for outworn glozes?
The startled shriek of the wild wood-god Pan,
Contending with anathemas of Moses!

Ay, this same battle rages evermore,
War 'twixt the True and Beautiful has been
And will be, and mankind as heretofore
Ranged in two camps—Barbarian and Hellene.

They shouted, raved, swore,—all the rest of it,
There was no end of tedious controversy;
But Balaam's ass had still the best of it,
And brayed down gods and saints, and knew no [mercy.

And at this vile ch-aw, which never ceased,—
This odious discord, truculent, defying,
In desperation at the stupid beast
I too cried out, and—woke myself with crying,

EMILY PFEIFFER.

POSTHUMOUS POEMS.

Ich dacht' an sie den ganzen Tag.

I THOUGHT on her throughout the day,
And thought on her through half the night,
And when at last in sleep I lay
A dream restored her to my sight.

Fresh as the youngest rose she glowed,
In silent bliss as there she sat,
With on her knees a frame which showed
White lambs that she was working at.

She sat so calm, and could not guess
Why I stood there so full of woe:
"What means this pallor, this distress—
My Heinrich, say, what hurts thee so?"

She looked in soft amaze that I
Should look upon her weeping so:
"Why weepest thou so bitterly,—
My Heinrich, say, who makes thy woe?"

She gazed thus softly while I strove,
Half dead with grief she could not know:
"Who makes my pain is thou, my love,
And in my breast there lies my woe."

She rose, and laid her hand upon
My breast as 'twere some holy rite;
And suddenly my grief was gone,
And I awoke for sheer delight.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

REMEMBRANCE.

WHAT wilt thou with me, vision fair and cherisht?
I see thee, and thy sweet breath thrills me thro'.
Thou gazest on me, sad as joy long perisht;
I know thee well, and ah, thou know'st me too!

A broken man thou find'st me—sick and weary—
Weary of life! My heart is burnt out,—cold;
Care hath o'ercome me: dark my days, and dreary:
Ah! 'twas not thus we met in days of old.

With haughty strength impetuously spurning
Earth's sordid soil, I then pursued afar
A wild illusion thro' life's distance burning,
And fain would pluck from heaven each brightest star.

Frankfort, thou housest many a fool, I know it,
And many a knave! yet hast thou given us quite
Enough good Kaisers, and our greatest poet,
And unto me my vision of delight.

It was when all thro' Frankfort Fair hums hotly
The busy buzz of bargain and of trade,
I stroll'd along the Zeil, and thro' the motley
Brisk-moving crowd, a listless dreamer, strayed.

And there I saw her! a sweet welcome wonder
Thro' all my sense her floating image sent;
From those fair brows of hers, and sweet eyes under,
And something in me drew me, where she went,

From street to street,—till one . . . ah, street beguiling!
Narrow and dim, and made for meetings kind!
And then she paused, and turn'd serenely smiling,
And slipp'd into a house,—and I, behind.

The old aunt only was a vicious creature,
And sold for pelf that maiden flower. But free
The sweet child's gift was given,—her own sweet nature.
By heaven, I swear, no sordid thought had she.

By heaven ! no made-up face my faith abuses,
No lie lurked in those eyes ! I've had to do
With women of all sorts besides the Muses,
And know that tutor'd bosoms beat not so.

And she was fair ! oh, fairer floated never
The foam-born goddess fresh from ocean's stream !
Hers was, perchance, the mystic form that ever
Had haunted with delight my boyhood's dream.

Fool ! and I knew her not ! fool undiscerning,
Hoodwinkt and tangled by what wizard knot?
Perchance the bliss of all my life-long yearning
Lay in mine arms, then . . . and I knew it not !

Yet fairer was she,—fairer in her sorrow,
When after three days fed on the sweet core
Of her sweet heart, upon the reckless morrow
The old wild illusion drave me forth once more ;

When,—all one wild and passionate protestation,—
Fall'n on her knees, about my own she clung
With writhen hands, and down in desolation
Pour'd o'er my feet, her troubled tresses hung.

Ah, heaven ! and in my spurs I saw those tresses
Tangled, and blood upon that bruised young brow.
And yet I tore myself from her caresses,
And I shall never more behold her now.

O my lost child! the old wild illusion's over;
Yet still she haunts me whereso'er I be.
Thro' what chill desert wanderest thou, poor rover,
With misery and want,—my gifts to thee?

LORD LYTTON.

WHERE?

WHERE shall once the wanderer weary
Meet his resting-place and shrine?
Under palm-trees by the Ganges?
Under lindens of the Rhine?

Shall I somewhere in the desert
Owe my grave to stranger hands?
Or upon some lonely sea-shore
Rest at last beneath the sands?

Tis no matter! God's wide heaven
Must surround me there as here;
And as death-lamps o'er me swinging
Night by night the stars burn clear.

JAMES THOMSON.

BIMINI.

PROLOGUE.—PART I.

AGE of faith—of faith in marvels,
—And itself the greatest marvel!
When so many marvels happened
That men no more marvelled at them.

* * * *

—One morning, bridelike, blushing,
Rose from out the ocean's azure
A new oceanic marvel,—
An entirely new world.

A new world, with new world species,
Human species, bestial also,
New world birds, and trees, and flowers,
And new world diseases too !

* * * *

Soon, however, gold,—gold only,—
Rests the universal symbol ;
Since all other earthly pleasures
Gold, the yellow pimp, procures.

Gold was now the first word utter'd
By the Spaniard to the Indian ;
Gold was the first thing he asked for,
Gold first,—water afterwards.

All Peru and Mexico
Saw this gold thirst's orgie holden.
Cortez and Pizarro wallowed,
Gold-besotted, deep in gold.

At the sack of Quito's temple
Lopez Becca stole the sun's orb,
Which twelve hundredweight of gold weighed ;
But he lost it that same night

On a luckless cast o' the dice-box ;
And the people keep the proverb—
" It was Lopez who (the gamester !)
Lost the sun before it rose."

Oh, but they were mighty gamblers,
Mighty thieves, and mighty murderers,
(No man is entirely perfect,)
Yet miraculous deeds they did ;

Deeds surpassing all the prowess
Of the fiercest soldatesque,
From the mighty Holofernes
Down to Haynau and Radetzky !

In the age of miracles
Men's deeds were miraculous.
Who believes the impossible
Can the impossible achieve.

And in those days 'twas fools only
Were the doubters : the believers
(There's the wonderfulest wonder !)
Were, in those days men of sense.

Strange ! from that miraculous
Age of faith in miracles
I am haunted by the tale of
Don Juan Ponce de Leon ;

Who discovered Florida,
But for many a year long, vainly
Wandering, sought the wondrous island
His soul yearned for,—Bimini !

Bimini ! at the enchanting
Sound of thy sweet name, my bosom
Heaves, and the forgotten visions
Of my perisht youth return :

Faded garlands deck their foreheads,
Woefully their gazes greet me,
And dead nightingales pipe faintly
A slow dying melody.

Startled, I spring up, and trembling
So thro' all this wasted body
That the seams of my fool's jacket
Burst asunder. Ah, but I

Needs must laugh the moment after,
For methinks I hear the babble
Of droll melancholy parrots
Babbling round me "Bimini!"

Help me, Muse,—thou mountain fairy
Of Parnassus! thou god's daughter!
Help me! put forth all thy potent
Magic art of poësy.

Prithee, prove that thou canst conjure;
And this lay of mine change straightway
To a ship,—a wizard shallop,
Bravely bound for Bimini!

Lo! the word is scarcely uttered
Ere the wish receives fulfilment,
And from forth the docks of fancy
Lightly floats my fairy barque.

Who's with me for Bimini?
Step in, gentlemen and ladies!
Wind and weather serving, safely
We shall sail for Bimini.

Feel you any gouty twinges,
Noble lords? And you, fair ladies,
Have you yet on your white foreheads
Any lurking wrinkles spied?

Follow me to Bimini,
There shall you be surely rid of
All such troublesome discomforts;
Hydropathic is the cure.

Fear not, gentlemen and ladies!
Solid is my boat, and builded
Of stout troches, strong as oak-beams
Are the keel and ribs thereof.

At the prow sits Fancy. Breezelike
In the sails blows blithe Good Humour;
Wit my shipmate is,—a brisk one!
As for Common Sense, if he

Be on board, I cannot tell you.
Metaphors my spars and yards are,
An hyperbole the mainmast,
And my flag—Black, Red, and Gold.

Black, Red, Gold—romantic colours!
Tricolour of Barbarossa:
Which I've also seen at Frankfort,
In the town church of St. Paul's.

Thro' the seas of Fableland, now,
Thro' the azure deeps of Fable,
Doth my ship,—my wizard shallop,
Glide along her dreamlike course.

Scattering sparkles, flitting, flashing,
From the softly-heaving azure,
Shoals of clumsy headed dolphins
Round us gambol as we go.

And, upon their shoulders hoisted,
Gaily ride my sea postillions,
Little Loves, with puft cheeks blowing
Thro' the quaintest rosy conches.

Shrilly they their trumpets flourish—
But, O hark ! I hear deep under,
In the depth of the dim waters,
Little mocking laughters sound.

Well I know that sound sarcastic !
'Tis the saucy water-faeries
And pert nixies,—unbelievers
Who are making fun of us:

Laughing at my Ship of Folly,
Laughing at my foolish shipmates,
Mocking us for our fool's errand
To the Isle of Bimini !

Part II.

SONG OF CACA.

"Little birdling, Colibri,
Lead us, thou, to Bimini !
Fly thou on before: we follow
The canoes with streamers flying.

"Little fishling, Bridid,
Lead us thou to Bimini!
Swim thou on before: we follow
With rich-blossomed branches rowing.

"In the Isle of Bimini
Blooms the everlasting spring-time;
Golden larks in azure heavens
Warble there their tirili.

"Lissom wild flowers over-wander
Lustrous meadows, sweet savannahs,
Glowing with voluptuous colours,
Breathing passionatest odours:

"Lofty palms above them waving,
Ever tremulously tranquil,
To the flow'rets underneath them
Waft fresh kisses of cool shadow.

"In the Isle of Bimini
Springs the all-delightful fountain:
And from that dear fountain ever
Flows the youth-restoring water.

"With three droplets of that water
Sprinkle any faded flow'ret,
And, behold! again it blushes
With a fresh recover'd beauty!

"With three droplets of that water
Any wither'd branch o'ersprinkle,
And, behold! again it blossoms
With a fresh-recover'd verdure!

"If an old man drink that water,
Straightway (young again) the old man
Casts his wrinkled husk, and frisks forth
Like a butterfly new-budded.

"Many a grey head that hath drunken
His grey hairs again to golden,
Blushes to return a youngster
Back to his own land and people.

"Many an old wife, to a young one
Having swill'd herself, grows timid,
Fears to face again the old folks
With her mincing maiden figure:

"And so all these worthy people
Never more leave Bimini,
Happy hours and flowers they hold fast
In the land of youth eternal.

"To that land of youth eternal,
To the Isle of Bimini,
Yearns my spirit, yearn my senses:
Fare ye well, beloved companions!

"Thou old house-cat, Mimili,
And old house-cock, Krikriki,
Fare ye well, we come not, we,
Back again from Bimini!"

So the woman sang. The knight heard,
Slumber-lull'd, her lullaby,
And from dreamy lips grown childish
Lisp'd and murmur'd "Bimini."

* * * *

PART IV.—*Conclusion.*

IN the troches now to follow
Will we tell, with faithful story,
How the knight fared : and what hardships,
What fatigues he underwent.

Ah ! instead of getting rid of
His already old afflictions,
Many a new one, many a worse one,
The poor fellow had to bear.

Whilst in search of youth he wander'd,
Daily he grew old and older ;
And all wither'd, worn, and wrinkled,
Did he reach at last the land,

The still land, wherein so softly,
Under silent cypress shadows,
Flows the streamlet whose good water
Likewise hath strange power to heal.

Lethe, that goo water's name is.
Drink thereof, and thou forgettest
All thy suffering,—yea, forgotten
Thou and all thy suffering, too.

Good the water, good the land is !
Whoso once has reached it, leaves it
Nevermore. For that land truly
Is the real Bimini.

LORD LYTTON.

Mir lodert und wogt im Gehirn eine Fluth.

In my brain there's a waving, flaming flood
Of forests, plains, mountains, and skies,
And a picture with outlines clearly defined
From out the wild chaos doth rise.

The hamlet that sweeps my fancy's eye
Is Godesberg. Once more,
I seem 'neath the linden's perfumed shade
To rest by the tavern-door.

My throat is parched as though I had quaffed
Yon sun that's sinking to rest;
Bring hither a flask of wine, sir host,
And let it be of your best!

Down flows the juice divine and floods
The soul with deep desires,
And with the flood, the thirst that burned
And parched my throat expires.

Another flask, sir host, I drank
The first in a reverie,
I paid no homage! oh, noble wine,
A pardon I crave of thee.

I gazed above at the Drachenfels
That mirrored in Rhine below,
With its legend-haunted castles rose
In the golden evening's glow.

I heard from afar the vintage song,
And the linnet's saucy gay note—
So I drank—with never a thought for the wine,
And moistened, unheeded, my throat.

But now the glass to my nose I bring,
And earnestly gaze in the beaker
Of wine that I gulp ; aye, and many a time
Without gazing I gulp down the liquor.

Yet strange ! as I gulp down the generous wine,
It seems as though I were doubled ;
As though another poor wight with myself
In union fraternal were coupled.

He looks such a pitiful, ailing elf,
So wan and so haggard his air,
Half in scorn, half in pain he meets my gaze—
'Tis strangely provoking, I swear.

The fellow affirms that 'tis I myself,
That we two are nought but one entity,
That we two are but one unfortunate wretch,
Fever-tossed—and claims the identity :

Not in the tavern of Godesberg,
But in Paris, leagues away,
I lay stretched in the sick man's chamber of gloom—
Ah, pale face, thou liest, I say,

Thou liest ! I am as ruddy and sound
As any fresh blooming rose ;
Strong too am I, so, Friend, have a care
Lest my anger should turn to blows.

He shrugs his shoulders and sighs : " Oh, fool ! "
This unbridled my wrath at last ;
And down on this damnable second self
I showered the blows thick and fast.

Yet, strange, for every buffet that I
On the fellow in fury deal,
Seems to visit my own particular ribs,
For each thump, too, there rises a weal.

And all through this rascally buffeting,
My throat is reparched by the drouth,
And when I would call the host for wine,
The words, they stick fast in my mouth.

My senses swim ; there's a whispering
Of poultices, as I awaken ;—
A dessert-spoonful of the mixture, too,
Twelve drops every hour to be taken.

E. B. SHULDHAM,
Temple Bar Magazine.

Mittelalterliche Roheit.

RUDE mediæval barbarism
To fine arts is slowly yielding ;
Chief machine of modern culture
Is undoubtedly the Piano.

Railways, too, a wholesome influence,
Exercise on home life, surely,
For they render it so easy
From one's family to fly.

What a pity that my spinal
Illness renders it unlikely
That I shall remain much longer
In this fast progressive world !

KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

HEINE'S GRAVE.

BY

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

HEINE'S GRAVE.

"HENRI HEINE"—'tis here!
The black tombstone, the name
Carved there—no more! and the smooth,
Swarded alleys, the limes
Touch'd with yellow by hot
Summer, but under them still
In September's bright afternoon
Shadow, and verdure, and cool!
Trim Montmartre! the faint
Murmur of Paris outside;
Crisp everlasting flowers,
Yellow and black, on the graves.

Half blind, palsied, in pain,
Hither to come, from the streets'
Uproar, surely not loath
Wast thou, Heine!—to lie
Quiet! To ask for closed
Shutters, and darken'd room,
And cool drinks, and an eased
Posture, and opium, no more!
Hither to come, and to sleep
Under the wings of Renown.

Ah ! not little, when pain
Is most quelling, and man
Easily quell'd, and the fine
Temper of genius alive,
Quickest to ill, is the praise
Not to have yielded to pain !
No small boast ; for a weak
Son of mankind, to the earth
Pinn'd by the thunder, to rear
His bolt-scathed front to the stars ;
And, undaunted, retort
'Gainst thick-crashing, insane,
Tyrannous tempests of bale,
Arrowy lightnings of soul !

Hark ! through the alley resounds
Mocking laughter ! a film
Creeps o'er the sunshine ; a breeze
Ruffles the warm afternoon,
Saddens my soul with its chill !
Gibing of spirits in scorn
Shakes every leaf of the grove,
Mars the benignant repose
Of this amiable abode of the dead.

Bitter spirits ! ye claim
Heine ? Alas, he is yours !
Only a moment I long'd
Here in the quiet to snatch
From such mates the outworn
Poet, and steep him in calm.
Only a moment ! I knew
Whose he was who is here
Buried, I knew he was yours !

Ah, I knew that I saw
Here no sepulchre built
In the laurell'd rock, o'er the blue
Naples bay, for a sweet
Tender Virgil! no tomb
On Ravenna sands, in the shade
Of Ravenna pines, for a high
Austere Dante! no grave
By the Avon side, in the bright
Stratford meadows, for thee,
Shakespeare! loveliest of souls,
Peerless in radiance, in joy!

What so harsh and malign,
Heine! distils from thy life,
Poisons the peace of thy grave?
I chide with thee not, that thy sharp
Upbraidings often assail'd
England, my country! for we,
Fearful and sad, for her sons,
Long since, deep in our hearts,
Echo the blame of her foes.
We, too, say that she now,
Scarce comprehending the voice
Of her greatest, golden-mouthed sons
Of a former age any more,
Stupidly travels her round
Of mechanic business, and lets
Slow die out of her life
Glory, and genius, and joy!

So thou arraign'st her, her foe!
So we arraign her, her sons.

Yes, we arraign her, but she,
The weary Titan! with deaf

Ears, and labour-dimm'd eyes,
Regarding neither to right
Nor left, goes passively by,
Staggering on to her goal;
Bearing on shoulders immense,
Atlantëan, the load,
Well nigh not to be borne,
Of the too vast orb of her fate.

But was it thou—I think
Surely it was—that bard
Unnamed, who, Goethe said,
Had every other gift, but wanted love;
Love, without which the tongue
Even of angels sounds amiss?
Charm is the glory which makes
Song of the poet divine;
Love is the fountain of charm.
How without charm wilt thou draw,
Poet! the world to thy way?
Not by the lightning of wit!
Not by the thunder of scorn!
These to the world, too, are given;
Wit it possesses and scorn—
Charm is the poet's alone.
Hollow and dull are the great,
And artists envious, and the mob profane.
We know all this, we know!
Cam'st thou from heaven, O child
Of light! but this to declare?
Alas! to help us forget
Such barren knowledge awhile,
God gave the poet his song.

Therefore a secret unrest
Tortured thee, brilliant and bold!
Therefore triumph itself
Tasted amiss to thy soul.
Therefore, with blood of thy foes,
Trickled in silence thy own.
Therefore the victor's heart
Broke on the field of his fame.

Ah! as of old, from the pomp
Of Italian Milan, the fair
Flower of marble of white
Southern palaces—steps
Border'd by statues, and walks
Terrac'd, and orange bowers
Heavy with fragrance—the blonde
German Kaiser full oft
Long'd himself back to the fields,
Rivers, and high-roof'd towns
Of his native Germany; so,
Lo, how often! from hot
Paris drawing-rooms, and lamps
Blazing, and brilliant crowds,
Starr'd and jewell'd, of men
Famous, of women the queens
Of dazzling converse, and fumes
Of praise—hot heady fumes, to the poor brain,
That mount, that madden!—how oft
Heine's spirit outworn
Long'd itself out of the din,
Back to the tranquil, the cool
Far German home of his youth!

See! in the May afternoon,
O'er the fresh short turf of the Hartz,

A youth, with the foot of youth,
Heine ! thou climbest again.
Up, through the tall dark firs
Warming their heads in the sun,
Chequering the grass with their shade—
Up, by the stream with its huge
Moss-hung boulders, and thin
Musical waters half hid—
Up, o'er the rock-strewn slope,
With the sinking sun, and the air
Chill, and the shadows now
Long on the grey hill-side—
To the stone-roof'd hut at the top.

Or, yet later, in watch
On the roof of the Brocken tower
Thou standest, gazing ! to see
The broad red sun, over field,
Forest, and city and spire,
And mist-track'd stream of the wide,
Wide German land, going down
In a bank of vapour—again
Standest ! at nightfall, alone.

Or, next morning, with limbs
Rested by slumber, and heart
Freshen'd and light with the May,
O'er the gracious spurs coming down
Of the Lower Hartz, among oaks,
And beechen coverts, and copse
Of hazels green, in whose depth
Ilse, the fairy transform'd,
In a thousand water-breaks light
Pours her petulant youth—

Climbing the rock which juts
O'er the valley, the dizzily perch'd
Rock ! to its Iron Cross
Once more thou cling'st ; to the Cross
Clingest ! with smiles, with a sigh.

Goethe, too, had been there.
In the long-past winter he came
To the frozen Hartz, with his soul
Passionate, eager, his youth
All in ferment ;—but he
Destined to work and to live
Left it, and thou, alas !
Only to laugh and to die.

But something prompts me : not thus
Take leave of Heine, not thus
Speak the last word at his grave !
Not in pity and not
With half censure—with awe
Hail, as it passes from earth
Scattering lightnings, that soul !

The spirit of the world
Beholding the absurdity of men—
Their vaunts, their feats—let a sardonic smile
For one short moment wander o'er his lips.
That smile was Heine ! for its earthly hour
The strange guest sparkled ; now 'tis passed away.

That was Heine ! and we,
Myriads who live, who have lived,
What are we all, but a mood,
A single mood, of the life

Of the Being in whom we exist,
Who alone is all things in one.
Spirit, who fillest us all !
Spirit, who utterest in each
New-coming son of mankind
Such of thy thoughts as thou wilt !
O thou, one of whose moods,
Bitter and strange, was the life
Of Heine—his strange, alas !
His bitter life ;—may a life
Other and milder be mine !
May'st thou a mood more serene,
Happier, have utter'd in mine !
May'st thou the rapture of peace
Deep have embreathed at its core !
Made it a ray of thy thought !
Made it a beat of thy joy !

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